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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 161.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 2, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

MISS FAITH DAWNAY

An accomplished amateur actress, who has been taking a prominent part in Mrs. Willie James's theatricals at Chichester

No. 161.—Vol. XIII.

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Wednesday, January 2, 1907

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

Master 1907 takes the field, with "The Bystander's" congratulations that he may bring to his followers good luck and a first-class season

SUGGESTED: That the Directors of the Brompton-Piccadilly Tube reduce their maximum fare to 3*d.*, and that the line be known, once for all, as the "Threepenny Threebe."

* * *

"Snow stops racing at Kempton Park," announced the papers, on Thursday. It went on racing in most other places, however.

* * *

The full name of Morocco's leading bandit is "Mulai Ahmed ben Mohammed er-Raisuli." So often is one apt to be addressed as "Mr.—er—Brown" or "Mr.—er—Robinson" that Raisuli's example, in formally attaching the prefix to his name, might be widely imitated.

* * *

It was, no doubt, very amusing to the Suffragette in Holloway Gaol to receive a circular from a mission informing her that she was "Satan's captive, dear sister." Daughters of Eve should not, however, forget that it was through the advice and assistance of the Prince of Darkness that Woman made her first great intervention in the affairs of the universe.

* * *

Seven hundred cases of eggs have recently arrived in London from South Australia, but the sellers are wise enough to make no parade of the fact that they are Addlelaide eggs.

* * *

The Liberal majority to be pulled down by the Unionist candidate for Mr. Bryce's Aberdeen constituency is simply absurd.

* * *

The otherwise sinless stoker now under arrest for contracting tonsilitis will leave a widow and five children.

* * *

The small boy was asked on Boxing morning if he had enjoyed the Christmas feastings. Succinctly he replied: "Last night I dreamed I was a cracker."

* * *

Poor Mr. Birrell! Even for the Christmas holidays he could not escape haunting reminders of the late Bill. Much annoyance was, we learn, caused the right hon. gentleman on seeing on the various railway notice-boards the words, "Extended Facilities."

* * *

The suicide, in Liverpool, of a Russian Consul was announced last week. It has been suggested that he was, at the time, under the delusion, induced by the weather, that he was back in his native land.

* * *

A DEFINITION: Hope—The bellows with which we blow at a dying fire.

* * *

THE CABMAN'S LAMENT

(*After you, Mr. Kipling.*)

Wot gets the cabman's monkey up, wot causes 'im to swear?
It ain't the 'aughty p'leeceman, nor it ain't the stingy fare.
But it's everlastin' watchin' for the everlastin' lurch
Of the bloomin' motor-omnibus wot knocks 'im orf 'is perch.
O the bus, O the bus, O the 'idjus 'orseless bus!
'E rattles an' 'e 'isses like a basketful o' snakes;
They packs 'im full o' people, an' they cocks a snook at hus,
An' when they gets 'im loaded up, why, somethin' goes an' breaks.

The 'orse-bus by comparison 's as gentle as a lamb;
The traction-engine 's just a lout; the 'lectric tram 's a tram.
But the London Motor-Omnibus, when all is said an' done,
'E's a badger, an' a bully, an' a bumble-bee in one.
O the bus, O the bus, O the 'elpless, 'orseless bus!
'E's blocked the 'ole o' Fleet Street from the Temple to the 'ill;
The lumpy, bumpy 'ummin' bird, a-kickin' up a fuss,
For 'e's bound ter go on 'ummin' even when 'e's standin' still.

'E grunts, an' squeaks, an' roars, an' shrieks—'e smells most awful vile;
As soon as 'e's got past us we can scent 'im for a mile;
'E sends us spinnin' right an' left, an' squirms a passage through,
An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e skids till all is blue.
O the 'bus, O the 'bus, O the belchin,' squelchin' 'bus!
With 'is playful little 'abit of descendin' on our toes;
We keeps in front; we stays be'ind—it's all the same to hus,
For in the end 'e gets us—an', of course, to pot we goes.

H. S. S.

Games and Pastimes

A Successful Soccer Eleven

It is, perhaps, not generally known that one of the Casuals' teams had, up to a few days ago, succeeded in winning all its matches, to the number of thirteen. This is an achievement of which any club may be proud, and particularly the Casuals, for they run several teams, and have a very full card of engagements. I do not know whether this team has played again since these notes went to press, but if it has I hope that, having successfully passed the fatal number thirteen, it has gone on winning. The thirteenth win was scored at Surbiton on the December 15, against Surbiton Hill. It was a good, even game, and, although Surbiton were a little unlucky in having a goal headed against them by one of their own backs in his endeavour to intercept a good centre by G. A. Dixon, the Casuals really had the best of it all through, and deserved to win. Dixon (formerly at B.N.C., Oxford) did well for them, as did also V. Edwards, an old Rosalian, who scored their other goal with a beautiful shot, and R. G. Roper (Old Foresters). For Surbiton, P. Brydone, who scored their one goal, and T. H. Lloyd (left back) were, perhaps, the most useful members of a level side.

The Only Way

The news of the resignation of Mr. Archdale Palmer from the Secretaryship of the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club was quite unexpected; it came, in fact, as a sort of pleasant Christmas surprise, and I use the word "pleasant" advisedly, because, however much lawn-tennis players in general, and the All-England Club in particular, may regret Mr. Palmer's retirement from a position which he filled so capably, still there was no getting away from the fact that his retention of that position meant the keeping alive of the deplorable controversy which has been going on now for nearly two years. Now that Mr. Palmer has himself put an end to that controversy in the only way in which it seemed possible to end it, it is satisfactory to think that the different parties to it have suffered no loss of dignity. I have already pointed out that the result of the meeting of the Lawn-Tennis Association, in November, was a moral victory for the reform party, or, in other words, the upholders of the principle that the secretary of the leading Lawn-Tennis Club and the leading tournament ought not to be connected with the lawn-tennis trade, for they obtained a majority of votes for their proposals—though not the requisite majority to carry them. On the other hand, one can sympathise with, and even admire, the attitude of the All-England Club in sticking through thick and thin, and in violation of an admittedly sound principle, to an official whose ability has been the cause of much of its present prosperity, and whose place it will be extremely difficult to fill. As for Mr. Palmer, he is retiring simply because he cannot find the time to attend to his business and the Club as well, and he has asked the Club to accept his resignation, in spite of the fact that they do not wish him to retire, solely on these grounds.

A Big Innings in the Antipodes

With the snow falling so snowily and the North wind blowing so blowily last week, it was quite warming to read of a record cricket score of 383. It comes all the way from Brisbane, and was made about a month back by Charles Gregory, playing for New South Wales against Queensland. In compiling this nice little innings, Gregory did not give a chance until he was well on the road to his third hundred, and was at the wickets altogether for five hours and three-quarters, during which time he hit fifty-five 4's—not far off two-thirds of the whole total. The partner who stayed with him longest was E. L. Waddy (a familiar name in cricket), with whom he put on 230 for the fourth wicket.

Casual Corinthians

I was very sorry to see that only about half the Corinthian team turned up for the opening match of their tour against Millwall on Boxing Day. As a matter of fact, although the ground had been cleared in the vicinity of the lines and marked out, snow was lying over the rest of it to the depth of three or four inches, so that play would barely have been possible. But that afforded no justification whatever for the conduct of the absentees. An engagement is an engagement, and ought to be kept—particularly when it is advertised, and the public are invited to attend it and to pay for so doing; and I hold it to be the fixed duty of every member of a football team who has accepted an invitation to play in a particular match to turn up for that match no matter what the state of the weather may be. No one has any business to say to himself, "Oh! they are sure not to play; it's no use my going." The man who behaves in this way is guilty not only of slackness, but of selfishness, lack of consideration for others, and even of positive discourtesy to his opponents. The Corinthians have laid themselves open, once or twice before during this season, to the charge of being somewhat casual about turning up to time, and the incident of Boxing Day (when the Millwall side were quite willing to make an attempt to play for the sake of the thousand spectators who had assembled) will not add to their popularity with the public or with the professional teams which they encounter. Possibly they "care for none of these things." But that is not the way to look at it. We look to the Amateurs—and to the leading Amateur club first of all—to set a good example to the rest of the football world in the matter of keenness, courtesy, and good form.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER OUT OF PRINT

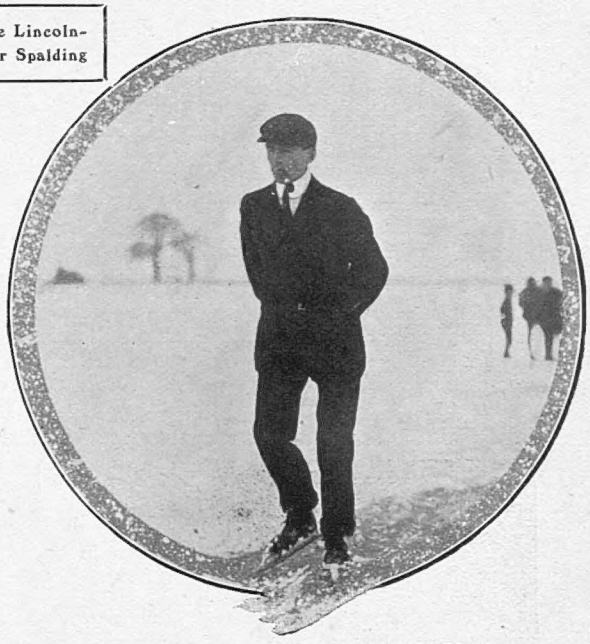
In response to inquiries from our readers, we beg to announce that our Christmas Number, of which a very large edition was printed, is now entirely out of print. A few copies, however, may still possibly be obtained from some of the bookstalls.

The Lighter Side of Snow

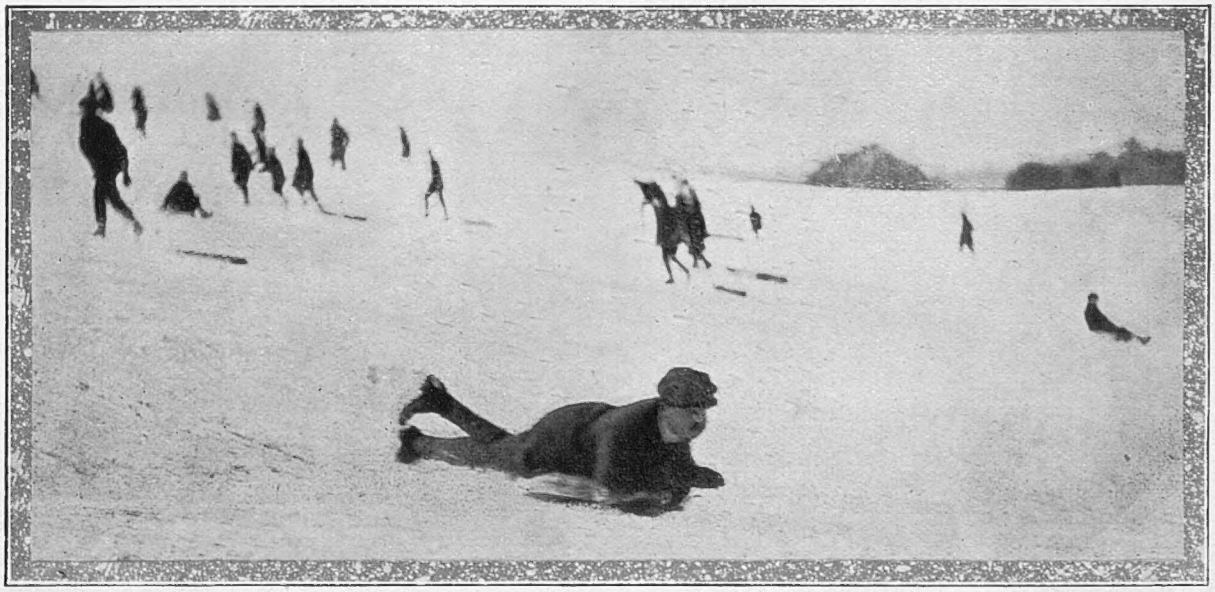
A WEEK OF WINTER SPORT BY FEN AND HILLSIDE

Skating on the Lincolnshire fens near Spalding

Tobogganing in London: A dash down Parliament Hill



Skating at Cowbit, Lincolnshire: An easy roll



Tobogganing on Parliament Hill

The lighter and brighter side of the severe weather was enjoyed all over the country—on the fens, on some of the lakes, and on hundreds of snow-girt hillsides. The darker side was represented by the dreadful railway accident in the snows at Arbroath, N.B.—and in the London streets of awful slush

YULE-TIDE AT THE THEATRES

XMAS 1906

Some Holiday Shows

The centre of the Christmas entertainments is, of course, at Old Drury; but Terry's puts forth a pantomime and the Vaudeville a harlequinade, the Prince of Wales's produces *Alice in Wonderland*, and that hardy annual *Peter Pan* blooms as freshly as ever at the Duke of York's. *Amāsis*, having scored a century and a half, has begun a new innings at the Criterion, especially to the delight of holiday-makers; while the new Hicks Theatre has opened with an even more beautiful *Beauty of Bath*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* has come to His Majesty's—to stay.

* * *

Harlequinade with Real Actors!

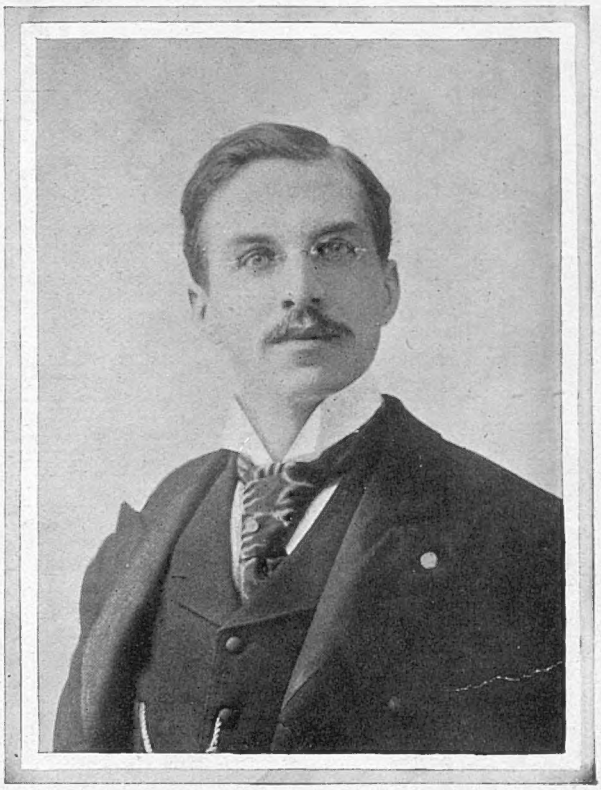
A glance at the cast of this happy interpolation at the Vaudeville made me sure of fun. Clown, Mr. Arthur Williams; Harlequin, Mr. Farren Soutar; Columbine, Miss Billie Burke; and so forth. There were rumours that this was to be a fanciful review of the plays and characters at other theatres. But, alas for the vanity of human wishes, the whole idea fell away, on the first afternoon, at least, into an imitation of Mr. Huntley by Mr. Angelo, and an amusing little scene, in which that most amusing comedian, Mr. Arthur Williams, burlesqued the thought-reading "boom" at "another place." The Pantaloon, the Policeman, the Fairy Princess, will, no doubt, become more gay and agreeable at each performance; and if the review idea can be worked up, the *Belle of Mayfair's* popularity will be even more remarkable than it is at the present time.

* * *

Old Drury in Splendour

Never has there been a more gorgeous, successful, and entertaining first night of pantomime than that of *Sindbad* at Drury Lane on Boxing Day. Mr. Hickory Wood and Mr. Collins have put together a "book," the story of which will delight the young idea, while the charming gaiety and wit of the actors, the beauty and grace of the crowds who fill the stage, the humour and lightness and brightness of the whole production will draw praises from every type of playgoer. From a scene "In a Persian Garden" to that of the "Durbar," at the end, there is not a dull passage. The company of comedians who, without showing their art, work so admirably to keep up the gay laughter and quick applause of the crowded audience, includes Mr. Walter Passmore, a

TRICKS OR TELEPATHY?

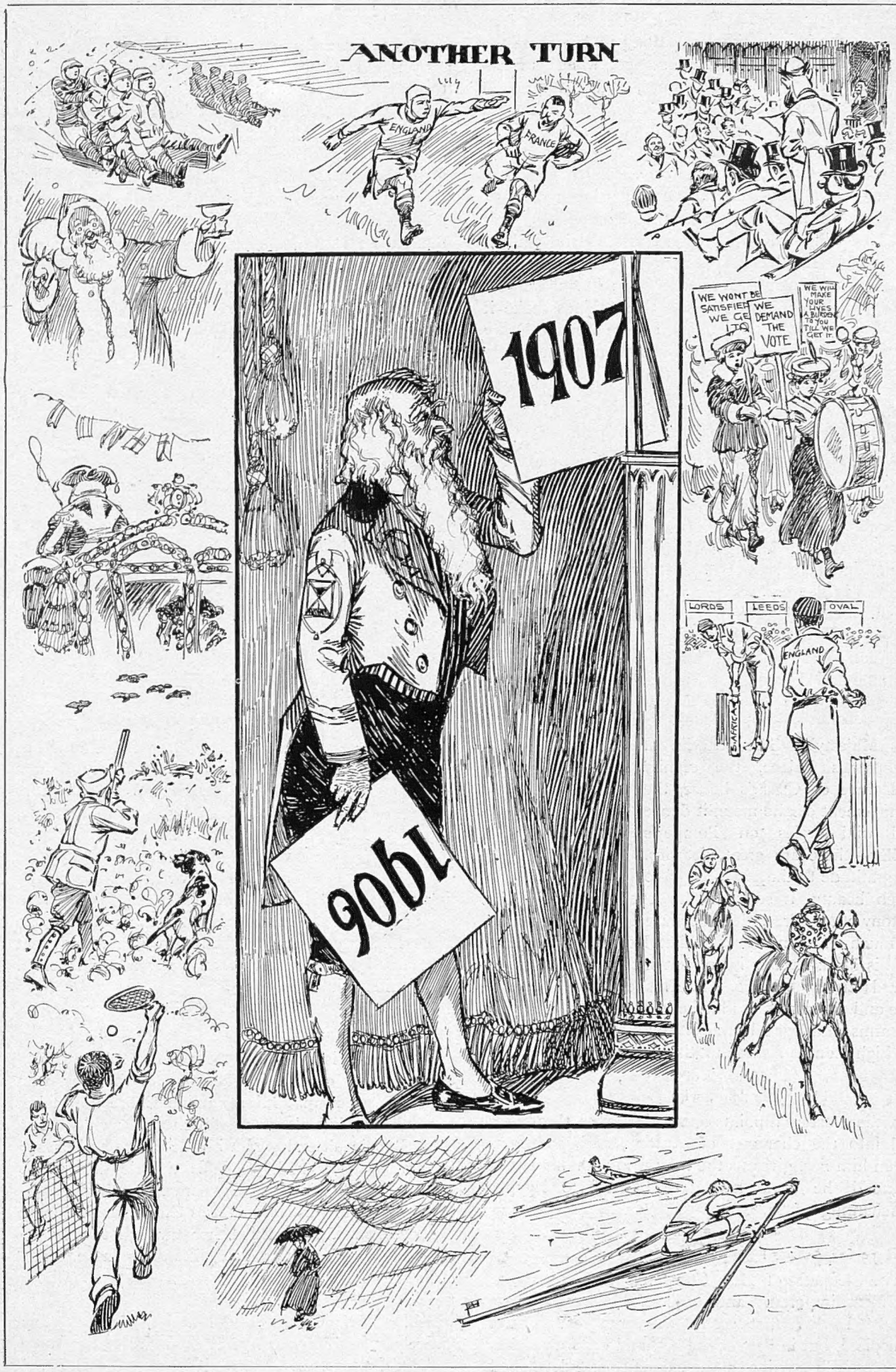


Photos *Campbell-Gray*

Mme. and Monsieur Zancig, whose "thought-reading" performances at the Alhambra have aroused keen discussion

The greatest attraction among variety entertainments at the present moment is undoubtedly the wonderful performance given daily at the Alhambra by M. and Mme. Zancig, who have also had the honour of appearing before the King and Queen at Sandringham. Although exhaustive tests have been made, experts are as yet undecided whether the wonderful thought-reading feats are really the outcome of telepathy or are merely produced by the skilful use of a code of signals

The Topictator



delightfully absurd and witty Sindbad, and Mr. Arthur Conquest, who played Mrs. Sindbad, in place of Mr. Randall. Mr. Harry Fragson does not give a very consistent performance, and his piano business appears rather forced and stupid. The old American trick, of the lady in the box falling in love with the singer, lost its humour some time ago, when its freshness departed. Mr. Fred Emney, as the Empress of all the Saharas, is a delightful figure, and Drew and Alders, as the Sailors, are very curious and lively. Miss Leighton, Miss Marie George, and the beautiful Miss Edith Oliver, are foremost among a galaxy of ladies each delightful in their own particular manner. Good as the individuals are, it is as an *ensemble* that *Sindbad* will live in the memories of its million admirers. Its brilliancy and humour; its well-arranged and finely performed music; its good intentions and happy achievements, these things make it the most delightful pantomime I have seen at Drury Lane, where, it may be remembered, they are considered to have done pretty well in the past.

* * *

His Majesty's Theatre

Among the gaieties of the Christmas shows, Mr. Tree does not hesitate to produce Shakespeare's vast historical play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in four acts, sixteen scenes, and a tableau or two. But great as is the undertaking, every detail is carried out with a fine sense of beauty and a minute attention to the smallest detail of costume and decoration. Such a fine production is almost unknown, even in the crowded archives of His Majesty's. The beauties of Cleopatra's Palace, the dignity and grace of Cæsar's house, the arrangement of the moonlit dance and wild orgies on Pompey's Galley—these are great victories. In gratitude to the producer of so much beauty, it seems unfair even to criticise the Antony of Mr. Tree. It is because I admire this actor so much in so many ways that I do not hesitate to say his Mark Antony is not convincing, least of all as regards his appearance. The make-up of his face is pale and unimpressive; his body appears too large for his arms and legs; his air is anything but that after the high Roman fashion; rather is he the

> . . . Monarch of the vine,
> Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.

But, these external points apart, the actor throws his soul into the character of Antony, and, as far as within him lies, gives us the hero who with his sword quarter'd the world and gave himself to Egypt's "enchanting queen."

* * *

O, Rare for Antony!

The Cleopatra of Miss Constance Collier is by far the most important and successful thing she has done. In her first scene, she was restless and uninspired, but in the second act, and on from there, she grasped her vision of the character and developed it with cunning beauty and bold art. Cleopatra is, of course, the daughter of a Greek line, and may have been hardly as Eastern as Miss Collier makes her, but, notwithstanding the accentuation of the Oriental note, the picture is complete and a continual æsthetic pleasure.

Among the crowds of excellent actors who support these heroic two, Miss Alice Crawford, as "kind" Charmian, looked particularly beautiful, and played with excellent feeling; Mr. Lyn Harding, as Enobarbus, took the stage in a powerful fashion. As Octavius Cæsar, Mr. Basil Gill was not remarkable, but he wore the rose of youth and his heroic clothing with a fine air. When I saw the play, the scene on board the galley, in which several noble Romans permit themselves to get drunk, was rather overdone. Perhaps it has already been cut; the play is so long and so beautiful that a very little of this scene would serve. Despite the fact that I do not praise Mr. Tree's Antony, he is to be greatly congratulated on having conceived and executed so magnificent a production; above all, on having given Miss Collier the opportunity of showing the playgoing world her clear, firm picture of that Eastern star, that fatal queen, whose original is Shakespeare's most superb and enchanting work.

Mr. James Glover

The popular musical director of Drury Lane, whose arrangement of the music for *Sindbad the Sailor* has greatly enhanced his reputation. Mr. Glover is widely known in the provinces, and is the present Mayor of Bexhill-on-Sea

* * *

Pantomime at Terry's

Miss Lily Harold and Mr. Fred Storey are the particular stars of *Red Riding Hood*, the entertainment with which Mr. Nation proposes to add to the enjoyment of the holidays at Terry's. Miss Harold is as gay and beautiful as of old, and Mr. Storey dances wonderfully, but the production, as a whole, is on a modest scale, and suggests far-off pleasant provincial places where old jokes might seem new, and mediocrity in singing and dancing shine forth as the last word of brilliancy. But still there is something of freshness and simplicity in the production which will delight the *blasé* Londoner more than many a sophisticated production could do.

* * *

Mr. Barrie's Fantasy

Peter Pan is given this year without any remarkable change except in the part of the boy who wouldn't grow up. Miss Pauline Chase now takes the delicate, difficult, wonderful character which Miss Nina Boucicault endowed with the charm and pathos of her own personality. It is a little difficult to follow Miss Boucicault in any part, even at a distance, for she is a great artist, but Miss Chase has a quality of her own which carried her through the by no means easy task with great credit and applause. The spell of Mr. Barrie's fancy seems to be set upon both the people on the stage and those who have come to watch. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, and Mr. George Shelton, are rather more delightful than ever.

E. M.

"Antony and Cleopatra" at His Majesty's

An impression of Mr. Tree's latest series of Shakespearean tableaux

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

SCENES FROM

"Sindbad the Sailor"

AT DRURY LANE

2 Photos Pd

Photos

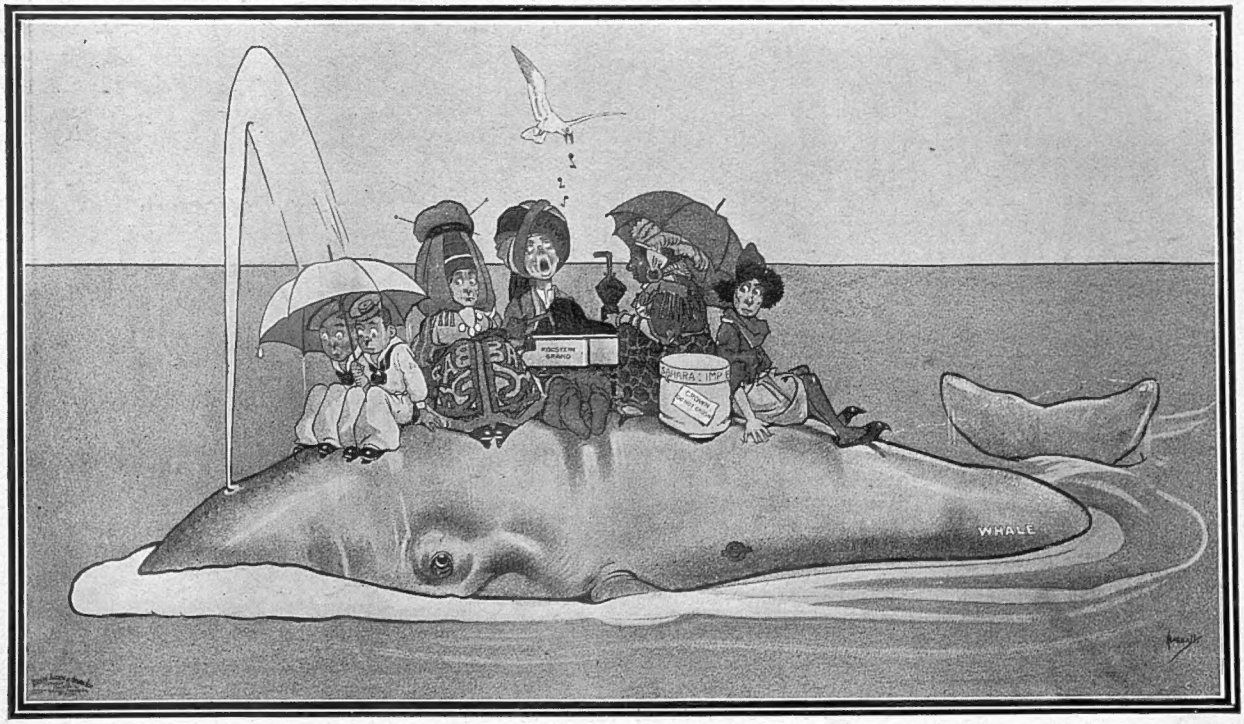
Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss Marie George

Mr. Passmore has practically "created" the part of Sindbad in British pantomime, having brought to it wit, fancy, and gaiety of action, where before was but vapid convention. With him is Miss Marie George, of whom the highest praise is to say that here she is herself at her best

Dover Street Studios

Drew and Alders

Bill and Tom, English sailors who accompany Sindbad. They are very funny, and brimful of the nautical breeziness of the music-halls. Above is their funny auction, in which they sell Sindbad's daughter, Ruby, to Hindbad



A Laughable Situation: Sindbad and his family stranded on the whale's back after the shipwreck

(Reproduced from Mr. John Hassall's clever poster, which has quite taken the town)

Mirthmakers at Drury Lane

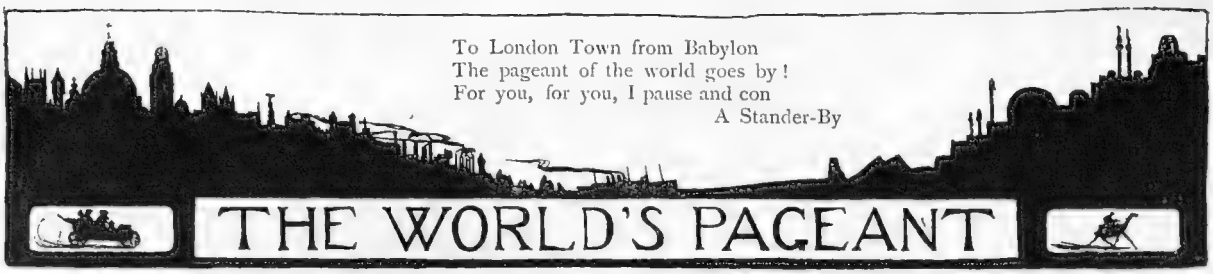
FOUR POPULAR STARS IN "SINDBAD THE SAILOR"

Mr. Harry Fragson
(Envoy to the Empress of the Saharas)

Mr. Fred Emney
(The Empress of all the Saharas)

Mr. Harry Randall
(Mrs. Sindbad)

Mr. Walter Passmore
(Sindbad himself)



Many Happy Returns to the Lords

I think it wise, in view of all the dreadful threats that have been showered upon them, to wish the Lords—the House of Lords—a very happy New Year, and many of them. For who knows, but that if all the pessimists declare come true, next year there might not be any House of Lords to greet? Extermination, we are told, is to be their untimely end, for "whatever does not stand with credit cannot stand long"; and yet how unconscious seem the little victims of their fate! To say that some of them have enjoyed their Christmas holiday is to express oneself but meanly, and one, a nobleman of some thirty gay summers, was heard valiantly to declare, over the walnuts and the wine on Christmas Day, that "the old place'll last my time, anyway," which hardly denotes a proper fear of that extermination of which we hear so much.

* * *

Will He Legislate?

This noble optimist may, however, prove wrong, and there is, therefore, some appropriateness in the photograph I publish on this page of one of our youngest peers, the Earl of Shannon. Will he legislate? If heredity goes for anything, he should, for one of his ancestors, the first Lord Shannon, was Speaker of the old Irish House of Commons, and afterwards Irish Lord Chief Justice. The late Lord Shannon, however, gave little heed to his hereditary rights of legislation. He held at one time a commission in the Rifle Brigade, but he sold out, and went to Canada as a rancher. When his father died, Lord Boyle, the heir, could not be found. His brother, the Hon. Henry Boyle, started for Klondike, where he had last been heard of, in search of him, and was about to give up the quest when the Earl communicated with his people at home. On his return to Europe, the Earl settled down at Castle Martyr, Co. Cork, and married, four years afterwards, a daughter of Louise, the Regent Street milliner. He, however, sold his Irish estate last year, under the Wyndham Act, and Lady Arnott, the wife of Sir John Arnott, bought the house.

Photo *Lafayette*

A Youthful Earl: Lord Shannon

(Late Lord Boyle), who, at the age of nine, has succeeded his father in the title

The Children's Week

Town gaieties, since Christmas, and, I suppose, until well on into January, seem mostly of the juvenile variety. Children's parties are the order of the day—and night—and it is amusing to note, at some of the "smartest" of these, how certain children invariably take the place of hero and heroine. Princess Mary of Wales, when at Marlborough House, is by no means averse to queening it at a children's party, and little Lord Stewart (Lord and Lady Castlereagh's son and heir), Lord Porchester, the small son of Lady Lurgan, and the very courtier-like little son of Sir Thomas Troubridge, are amongst the "men" most sought after. It is to the American children, however, that the palm must be awarded in the way of entertainment. They receive guests, and they attend as guests, with a *savoir faire* and a composure which is nothing less than startling in its completeness, and they have no difficulty in knowing a nice party when they see one. Mrs. Chauncey, the sister of Lady Newborough, and the mother of a little daughter who is a wonderful linguist, is one of those who are giving big children's parties, and it is to take place at her house in Hertford Street this week. She is a widow, and the daughter of Colonel Carr, of Kentucky, of the United States Army; and she and her sister, Lady Newborough, are renowned for their beautiful frocks.

* * *

Mr. Carnegie and His Opportunities

If ever there was a man who had magical opportunities, and who missed them, that man is Mr. Carnegie. Just think with what romance he might clothe his career of organ and library evangelism had he only a sense of the artistic, or even of the humorous. Somehow or other, however, Mr. Carnegie has genius for unromantic giving. It leaves us cold, for instance, to hear that he has offered to Tobersnorey (in Ultima Thule) a free library, an organ, and a piper or two, and we are rather pleased than grieved when we learn that Tobersnorey (the ingrate!) has refused the proffered gift with scorn. And yet, after all, why should Mr. Carnegie be expected to be all things to all men?

A Christmas Children's Hostess

Photo *Histed*

Mrs. Chauncey

An American who makes her home over here and entertains greatly in London. She is a sister of Lady Newborough

Mr. Carnegie—Dollars and Scholars

He has made money, and he gives it away, in an unfortunate manner, perhaps, but still he gives it. And how many of us have done as much, fortunately or unfortunately? If quite a few of us are rapturously remembered it is only because, to quote the Covent Garden porter after the recent visit of Mr. Yates, we, perhaps, "chucked it about a bit."

* * *

Business-like Charity

It would seem, in fact, that the commercial method and sweet charity do not mingle. There is so much business-like method in Mr. Carnegie's charity that, bored by the business part, we cannot appreciate the charity. It is all done with such method, indeed, that one only wants "to scream," as the Christmas holiday "flapper" remarks once every ten minutes or so. That his well-meant charities, also, will bore us to the bitter end, I fear, is pretty certain; almost as certain, in fact, as that Mr. Carnegie, while he still lives and moves and has his being, will never cease to pepper the earth with free libraries.

Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Andrew Carnegie (on the right of the front trio), the irrepressible Scottish-American philanthropist

In the act of presenting a lake (value $103,000) to Princeton University, Pa. In making the presentation, Mr. Carnegie said some strange things about sport (fully reported in the daily papers), the outstanding moral of which was, that football was not "gentlemanly"!

* * *

Indian Pilgrims

The flight to the East continues. Lord Wenlock has left for Ceylon and India, accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. Edward Berkeley Portman and Mrs. Walter Forbes, on a visit to Sir Arthur Lawley; and another family party which is *en route* to India includes the Dowager Lady Ashburton, with her son and his wife, Captain and Mrs. Guy Baring, and Mr. Alexander Baring. They are to visit Lady Ashburton's only daughter, Mrs. Fred Adam, whose wedding and immediate departure for India took place in the Spring of this year. Captain Baring is in the Coldstream Guards, and his marriage to Miss Olive Colin Smith took place three years ago. He is the third brother of Lord Ashburton, who, like his sister, married last Spring, but in Paris, and to an erstwhile member of the American *Floradora* Company. The Baring family form one of the few instances where the head of the family bears a title less important than that held by a cadet. Thus Lord Ashburton is the holder of a barony, whereas the Earl of Northbrook, member of a cadet branch, holds an earldom.

* * *

The New Credo

Sir Oliver Lodge is a brave man; and one, it is evident, with that sense of the poetic which is so sadly lacking in his co-philanthropist, Mr. Carnegie. For he has attempted the impossible, and that is always a delightfully romantic thing to do, if only because of its futility. In the "Catechism" which he has drawn up, and which he recently read to a number of Nonconformist ministers, Sir Oliver says that his object is to afford "a partially scientific basis for future religious education." In this Catechism, however, Sir Oliver offers us nothing new, and departs in no way from the orthodox. In this new credo, combined with a recognition of scientific discovery, there is an ingenuous blending of religious faith. In it, too, there is nothing, with the exception, perhaps, of the ignoring of miracles, at which the greatest believer, or most cynical scientist, could take umbrage. It is, therefore, in good sooth, a work of art. For so to combine, even imperfectly, those two great forces, science and faith, as to make them appear in partnership, is surely a very praiseworthy undertaking; one which few would care to attempt, and still fewer to vindicate. For, of a truth, science, being of the earth most earthy, and faith, of the spirit most spiritual, they are as fire and water together. Science is the head, and faith the heart, and when, in the whole history of poor human nature, have these two worked together?

A New Portrait of the Negus

Lion Hunter and Explorer

Major Powell-Cotton, who has been so badly mauled by a lion while big-game hunting in Africa—in which connection, by the way, Lord Delamere has succeeded lately in distinguishing himself, to the annoyance of the East African judiciary—is a many-sided man. He is, of course, first and foremost, a great traveller, but he is also a splendid shot, a philosopher, a soldier, a collector—ethnologist and otherwise—and a writer.

As an explorer, he has, I believe, out-explored even Selous, having explored Thibet, and darkest Africa from Mombasa to the White Nile, and Abyssinia. These are just a few of the localities into whose innermost depths he has travelled. In Abyssinia he visited the Emperor Menelik, and thus describes his appearance:—

"His is a very dark, but not black, face, marked by small-pox, rather even but not very white teeth, a short greyish beard and whiskers, a face that is full of strength and shrewdness, quick in altering expression, and a pleasant smile and hearty laugh."

Photo *Whitlock*

Sir Oliver Lodge

Who has found time to design a new Catechism, which combines, among other things, Science and Faith, the philosopher's stone of modern thought

The Emperor of Abyssinia

The Emperor Menelik, by the way, is a perfect gourmand for presents. He prefers to receive rather than to give; but, then, that is a failing he shares with lesser mortals, and as his presentations to other monarchs almost invariably take the form of zoological specimens, which go cheap in his country, and which, at any rate, are useful for the stocking of Zoos. He once announced to the leaders of an expedition that he preferred English gifts to any others.

"Other nations," he said, "have treated me like a baby, and given me musical boxes, magic lanterns, and mechanical toys; but you have bestowed upon me what is really useful and valuable."

Other nations, however, do not appear to have treated him so terribly badly in the way of gifts. Only last year the King of Italy sent him two carriages, painted red, adorned with bands of yellow and green and provided with gold and silver fittings, while the Kaiser sent some heavy drinking cups, silk stuffs, and a silver washstand service.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Major Powell-Cotton

The celebrated African explorer, who has just been severely mauled by a lion. He recently paid a visit to the Emperor of Abyssinia

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia

A new portrait of the dusky African monarch

The Leading Liberal Lord

"K. of K."

The secret joy of "lying low" is one which is debarred to the great of this world. Obscurity is the privilege of the obscure. Its loss, the price one pays for greatness. For a month or two Lord Kitchener of Khartoum has lain, in so far as the home country is concerned, very low, and so, inevitably, a reason for this apparent passivity is dished up for us. He is ill! So ill, that he will be home next year! So ill, that all his cherished Indian Army reorganisations, all his schemes, must be shelved. This is what the man at home is sensationally told. The simple truth is that Lord Kitchener is as fit as a fiddle. The cleverest, the most exacting of men, he was never better in his life. India suits him, and in India, unless the unforeseen happens, he will remain. One of the most salient characteristics of "K.'s" rule in India, by the way, is his habit of committing as little as possible to paper. To give an order by word of mouth he will wire a General to come a forty-eight hours' journey to see him; and, when he arrives, ten minutes' rapid conversation, a curt farewell — and the much-dreaded interview is over. In this way, riding roughshod over time and space and officers, does "K." successfully circumvent the constant prying and espionage which surround and gall him.

* * *

The Earl of Crewe

The Earl of Crewe's graceful sponsorship of the late Education Bill in the Lords was attended throughout with that good taste and restraint which, though, perhaps, scarcely violent enough for his fellow Liberals, was nevertheless only what was expected of him. Lord Crewe, indeed, has been nothing if not self-sacrificing in this matter of the Education Bill. Much addicted to sport, a racing man, and keen on hunting and shooting, he is, like his wife, the Lady Peggy Primrose of old, not by any means devoted to the life of Town; hence the disappointment in Liberal circles when it was found, quite early in the Spring Session, that Crewe House was not, as had been fondly hoped, to be the chief camp of the social and political Liberal world.

Photo] **Lord Kitchener** *[Lafayette*

A recent portrait of the Indian C.-in-C. Despite rumours to the contrary, Lord Kitchener is at present in excellent health

Photo] **Lord Crewe** *[Haines*

The brilliant and popular Liberal Leader in the House of Lords, who so cleverly, but so unsuccessfully, piloted the Education Bill through that Chamber

* * *

Lord Crewe in Ireland

It is more than probable, too, that Lord Crewe's experiences in Ireland, when, as "the handsome Lord Houghton," he reigned at the Castle, have not encouraged him to proceed much farther as a host. The circumstances of the time in Ireland made his post anything but an easy one, even though his wife, the beautiful and charming Lady Houghton, was immensely popular. Lord Crewe, whose second wife, the daughter of Lord Rosebery, is only a year or two older than her now married step-daughters, inherits the poetical tastes of his father, known to fame as Richard Monckton-Milnes, and he has been accused and found guilty of the dire offence of making verses. He is a member of the Reform, and—as a species of light relief—the Marlborough.

* * *

A Walking Encyclopædia

It has been said, and very truly, of Mr. Bryce, the new Ambassador to the United States, that he is a walking encyclopædia. A language of which he is entirely ignorant has yet to be found, and there are very few in which he cannot converse. As a babe in arms he dabbled in the Classics, and at the age of twenty-four—a poet's age—he wrote an essay on "The Holy Roman Empire," which made him famous. His study of the American Commonwealth is not less famous. Twenty-three years at Oxford as Regius Professor of Civil Law have doubtless engendered in Mr. Bryce his rather tiresome habit of lecturing rather than speaking. His one excess is mountaineering, and he is said to be the first white man since Noah to stand on the top of Mount Ararat.

The Washington Post

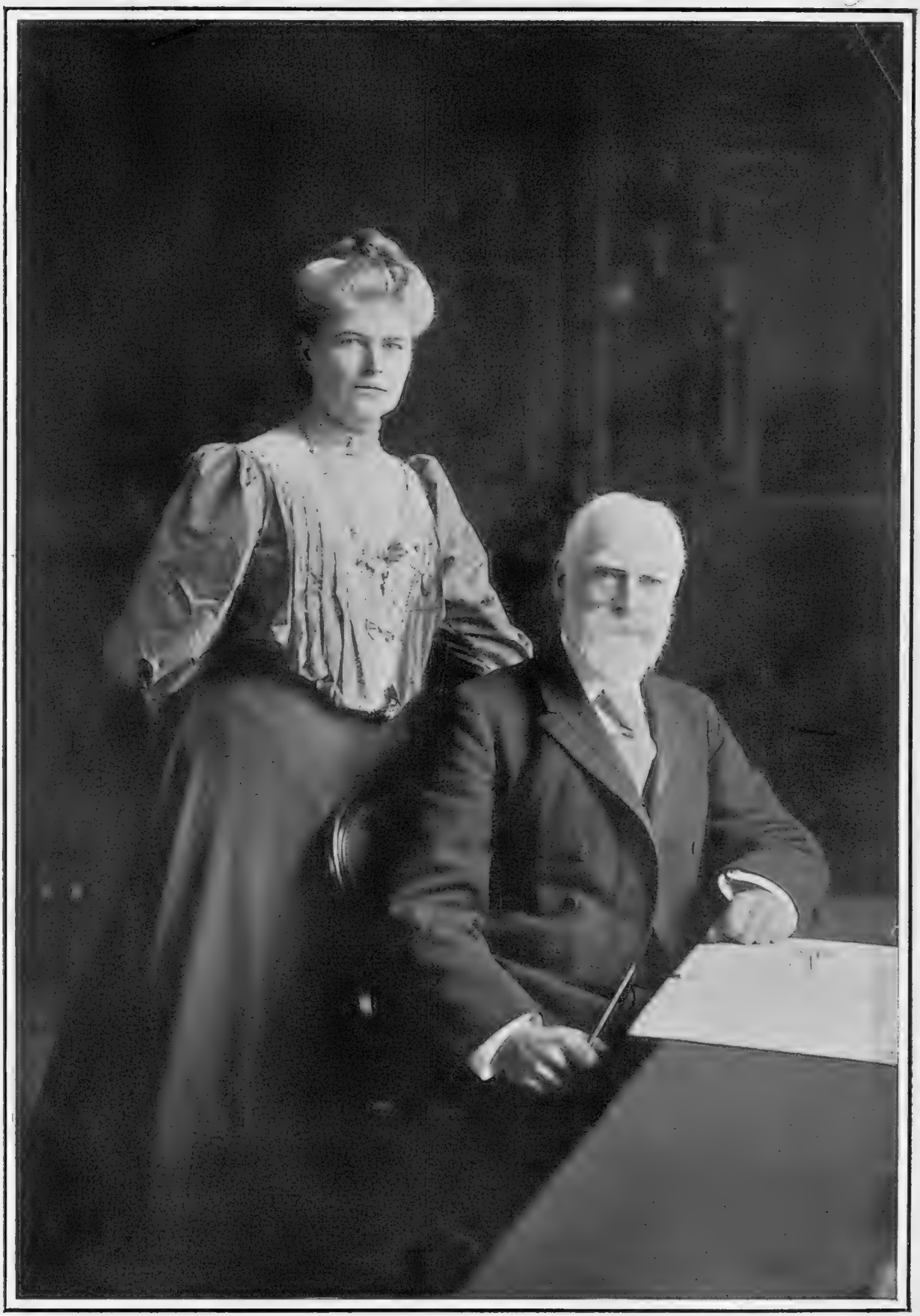


Photo special to *The Bystander*

The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., the new Ambassador to America, and Mrs. Bryce

Who will leave for the Embassy at Washington early in February. Mr. Bryce is the retiring Chief Secretary for Ireland, an Aberdonian, a scholar of world-wide distinction, a famous historian, and a man of pronounced political sympathies

Chulalongkorn on Tour

La Rafale

Indirectly, with regard to women in America, what a whirlwind of reproaches has encircled them of late. A whirlwind indeed! From our earliest infancy we have been nurtured in the belief that the American woman is brilliant, busy, beautiful, and beloved. Adored and adulated by her menfolk, she claimed, not equality, but superiority, and this last was, we were told, quite willingly conceded to her. But now our whole ideas on the subject are shattered. She, the American pseudo-goddess, has been denounced, and by man—the traitor!—wholesale. Priests, philosophers, men of science, and men of medicine proclaim her neither brilliant nor busy, nor beautiful, not even beloved, but "lazy, luxurious, loud, useless," and —unkindest cut of all—"wiggly." "Wiggly," I understand, is American either for willowy or wormy, and that the adjective is apt, if scarcely academic, will be denied by no one who has had the pleasure of viewing the contortions of our latest peeress-actress either on or off the stage.

* * *

American Decadence

Whether this descent of the American woman, in the opinion of the American man, has anything to do with the wave of what is nothing less than hysteria which is sweeping over the Western continent or not, I do not dare to opine. But that a form of mental hysteria is rampant in America at the present time is not to be denied. The stress of mental life is apparently so great that, physically, the race has thrown back to the passions, emotions, and drastic methods, of primeval humanity. The prevalence of divorce, the awful struggle for existence against the grinding of the capitalist, the Rome-before-the-fall luxury of the rich, the sharp contrasts, the unnatural life of American cities, and the absence of the religious sense—these, amongst other elements, have apparently contributed to the undoubted decadence of present-day America.

* * *

Modernity and the Classics

It would seem that over all highly strung nations a wave of hysteria must inevitably, sooner or later, pass; France, that Italy which is again becoming a world-power, and now America, all have suffered. In America, the educative effort to combine with the realities of the life modern, the sins, the ambitions, the scepticism, the passions, and the desires of the life classic, has resulted in—what? In hysteria, in freak dinners, in millionaires, in cases innumerable of the Thaw calibre in which pistols and an entirely sensuous desire for revenge play simple, elemental parts; in the development of woman at the expense of man; and in the degradation and undoing of the nation.

The King of Siam (Chulalongkorn I)
Who is to visit England *incog.* in the Spring. He is now at San Remo, where he has taken the Villa Nobel for six months. His son, the Crown Prince, was educated in England, and was attached to the Aldershot Army Corps

* * *

The Queen of Italy

Their holiday at San Rossore, where the King and Queen of Italy have a charming seaside villa, having come to an end, their Majesties are returned to Rome, there to await a visit from the King of Greece, who comes on to Rome from Vienna. With the Royal party at San Rossore, Princess Vera of Montenegro, the Queen's beautiful sister, and Princess Hélène of Servia, her niece, have been staying, and the Queen, whose chief interests in life are centred in her family, and in her boundless charities, has been in her element. For Queen Elena unites with an intense regard for the domestic virtues, a temperament artistic and sensitive to a degree; a physique which, though devoid of that heaviness which is one of the chief traits of her Slav blood, is yet strong, and tall, and pliant, and a queen-like sympathy and graciousness which has done more to bring the Royal family of Italy into good repute with their people than any other element.

* * *

Not Born a Queen

Her relatively lowly birth was, of course, urged against her when, deeply in love, the young Prince of Naples announced his intention of marrying the Princess Elena of Montenegro—or no one. Both Crispi and the Duchess of Aosta, the wife of the then Heir-Apparent, ventured to sneer, but King Humbert himself approved, and so a union, which has proved of the happiest, took place. The King and Queen are rarely, if ever, separated. She is his right hand and his most trusty adviser. Like the King, an enthusiastic motorist, she and her husband take long rides together, and observe with their own eyes the progress of their people. They have three children, the youngest of whom is the little Prince Humbert of Piedmont. It is not uninteresting to group, on the opposite page, the photograph of Her Majesty with that of her, perhaps, most celebrated living subject, Mr. Marconi, who is shown, with his wife, at Venice. It was at that city of waters and marble walls that the "Wireless" King delivered that sharp and strange speech, referring to some future victory on the part of Italy "in these seas," the news of which should be carried by Marconigrams. The remarks, of course, created a furore in Vienna, which is very touchy as to the pretensions of the third party in the Triplice.

Personalities in Italy

Signor Marconi and his wife at Venice proceeding (in a gondola) to the Municipalité

While at Venice, the inventor of wireless telegraphy delivered a speech, forecasting a future Italian victory "in these seas," which caused keen excitement in Vienna

The King (right) and the Queen of Italy at the recent Blind Congress in Rome

Queen Elena is now the mother of three children (the youngest, Prince Humbert, being the heir to the Throne), and is very popular in Italy

D'Orsays of To-day

REVIVAL OF THE CULT OF DANDYISM IN PICCADILLY AND BOND STREET

Dandyism Resartus

Just as the memoir writers, Lady Dorothy Nevill and the late Lord Lamington among them, have bid farewell to the days of the Dandies, and laid their appreciative wreaths upon the grave of their glories, Lo! in Piccadilly and Old Bond Street, at the opera, and the more popular theatres, the cult is reviving. The exquisite of our own times is, of course, far more reticent than in the days of D'Orsay or of Brummel. Each renascence of the dandy is coloured by its environing period. This winter's coats, however, show a marked inclination to the further constriction of the waist; the skirts, I note, have an individualism and a quiet gaiety of their own not hitherto perceivable. The interested will observe that the breast is somewhat open and low, the hiatus is bridged by a shirt that recalls the softness and delicacy of long ago, and a tie and pearl pin which, without reproducing the flamboyancy of the Early Victorians, announce themselves quite clearly in comparison with the style of a few years ago. The boots, the hat, the gloves, all in their way show signs of a neo-dandyism which is welcome enough in a grey world.

* * *

The Social Influence

Like all the best and most delicate things in life, the immense influence of this outward culture by the few upon the gross mass of Society goes unnoticed and unsung. But it is none the less a fact; the modish elegance of the present-day dandies gives a pleasing tone to even the Grand Stand at Sandown, and helps to alleviate the inanities of musical plays. One remembers that Mr. Beerbohm said long ago, in an essay, that he was born a classic, that the contact of dandyism with social life is but one of the accidents of an art; its influence, like the scent of a flower, is diffused unconsciously.

* * *

The Rare, Fine Flower of Life

One charm of this particular kind of artist is his rarity. The perfect dandy can never be greatly multiplied. The conditions are too severe; the handicap heavy as the guerdon is great. One must be well-born, well-bred; perfect in health, in beauty, and in leisure; one must give a devotion to the art of dress for the art's sake and one's own; and especially one must command the ultimate loyalty of a multitude of splendid tradesmen. The dandy cannot live without these able supporters; for it is not only in the cut of a coat and the colour of his unobtrusive gloves that he is an exquisite, but in every particular of the material world. His cigarettes and cigars are selected by him from among a thousand loveliest; his motor is an inspiration; and his rooms in St. James's the outcome of the culture of antiquity mitigated by the simple luxury of this utilitarian age. I welcome the reappearance of the dandy as the fine flower of our time—a blossom that appears, like that of the aloe, but once in, say, a hundred years.

Where Dandyism Originally Flourished: Piccadilly 100 years ago

The present is no bad opportunity for drawing attention to the famous street as it appeared 100 years ago. During the last year, it has completely lost its one-time seclusion, and become the pathway of puffing motor-'buses. A "Tube" takes you under it; "Jimmy's" has gone; the Ritz has come—the street is widened and rebuilt out of all recognition. A glance at the street as it was in the days of yore will be of pathetic interest to those who loved the former London

(Reproduced from a print in the possession of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, whose premises have been in Piccadilly from 1686 to 1906)

The above sketches are designed to demonstrate that, whatever æsthetes may say to the contrary, the dandy is by no means an extinct phenomenon. Though the earlier decades of the last century had their ideas as to what constituted the *beau idéal* of male sartorial elegance, so has the first decade of the twentieth—note, for proof, the individual in the centre, and also his contemporary brothers of the cloth immediately below him. Whether the general effect is, or is not, up to Brummel and D'Orsay standard, nobody will deny that the Bond Street crawler and theatre lounger of to-day tries very hard to produce an impression of dandyism, with the subtle aid of collars, hats and waists, stocks, shoes, and canes

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Before the Snow Fell

"WITH THE SQUIRE IN THE WOODS"

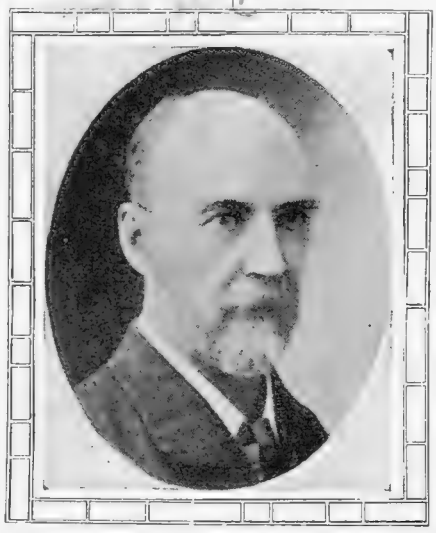
A PHOTOGRAPHIC PASTORAL

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

III.—FOREIGNERS WHO HAVE INFLUENCED CHINA

In this article Mr. R. W. Swallow, a Professor at the Shansi University, deals with some of the foreigners who are exercising an influence on the Reform movement which is now slowly but surely changing the ancient conditions of the Chinese Empire.

It is a fact beyond dispute that, in spite of many pleasant personal relationships between individual Chinamen and Europeans, a very bitter feeling exists throughout the whole of the Empire against all foreigners. This feeling is not limited to one class or one place, but, though partly hidden, dominates the whole of the race, and, at times, bursts forth into rage which cannot be repressed. Foreigners tell of the events of 1900 and how, in many cases, they were threatened and reviled by those amongst whom they had lived for many years, and whose esteem and good will they never suspected for a moment. Nor is this antagonism lessened by increased intercourse and commercial relationships, as the recent riots in Shanghai have proved. For there the whole population rose as one man against the foreigners upon whose existence the prosperity of the place depended. The questions in dispute were comparatively trivial, but served as an excuse to vent long premeditated vengeance. This hatred is harder to understand when we remember that most of the Europeans in China profess a sentimental regard for the race, and almost invariably look upon their sojourn in the Celestial Land as a very happy one. Nor is the Chinaman slow to see the merits of the foreigner, in spite of the fact that he dislikes him so thoroughly; and it is often surprising to see how they rely upon our word, and never for an instant suspect us of dishonesty.



Sir Robert Hart

The late Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs and Posts, who has done as much as any foreigner to introduce reforms into China. His organisation of the Customs and Posts has been a noteworthy influence in the spread of civilised institutions throughout the Empire, and though he has nominally retired, he still remains in the country

Inter-Race Hatred

The whole question is too often shelved by such phrases as "East is East" and "West is West," and that the two races are so distinct in thought and sentiment that there can never be any sympathy between them. If, however, we look a little closer into things, we will see that this exclusiveness and hatred of outsiders is not merely directed against Europeans alone, but is one of the most dominant features of the life of the Empire. The people of the North dislike those from the South. The men from one Province intrigue against those from other Provinces, and so it goes on until city is divided against city and village against village. Co-operation is unknown amongst the Chinese except against a common foe or an outsider, and then they will, at a given signal, close in their ranks and fight to the end, no matter what the cost may be. The writer was once startled to see the vehemence with which the scholars of one Province attacked those who, though resident there, yet had been born in other parts of the country. Reason, the ties of friendship, the claims of patriotism, were all of no avail, and the only answer to every argument was "no compromise."

In an open letter to the local paper, one of the attacked retorted, with perfect truth, that though for the present they were united against other provincials, yet this union was a mockery, as, under ordinary circumstances, they were hopelessly divided amongst themselves, and were separated into as many cliques as there were districts. He also said that it was not a love of their land which pervaded their beings, but a mean and selfish spirit born of ignorance, and which would tend to keep them ignorant.

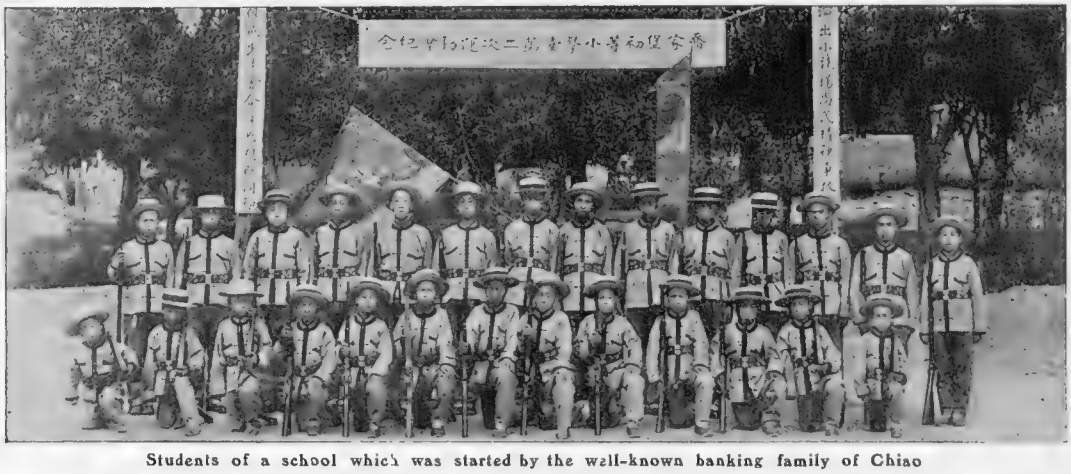
Exclusive Positions

In like manner, the post of Law Secretary in the yamens or residences of the officials is closed to all except those who come from Shao Hsing Fu, in Chekiang, and even so powerful a man as Yuan Shih Kai has failed to break the monopoly. The Shansi men are the bankers of China, and refuse to employ men from other Provinces.

The same system of exclusiveness extends even to such trades as barbering and such professions as acting, and it is almost impossible for an outsider to break down the barriers of protection. It is then scarcely surprising that the dreaded foreigner, against whom the most hideous accusations are spread from one end of the land to the other, should be the object of contempt and hatred. He is a stranger, whose presence violates many of the ideas most sacred to

Teaching the Young Chinese Idea

HOW YOUNG CELESTIALS ARE BEING TRAINED IN EUROPEAN METHODS



Students of a school which was started by the well-known banking family of Chiao
This school has already placed military training in its curriculum, and it will be seen that each boy has his rifle

Sports for Young Chinese Scholars: A Tug-of-War

The directors, teachers, and scholars of an elementary school which was established by one of the students of the Shansi University

The days of an exclusive study of the ancient classics is now dying away, and Western educational methods are being adopted. As can be seen above, the authorities are not content with merely the training of their pupils' minds, but also attend to their physical welfare by the introduction of outdoor games and sports

the Chinese mind. He is not controlled by their laws, and he has no fear of their authority. He does not know, and so cannot contradict, the thousand and one falsehoods which are told every day about him, and he goes on his way self-confident and happy, and thinks that he gets on famously with the people.

Famous Foreigners

There are, however, a few men from other countries who have managed to live down the prejudice which exists against them, and our history contains a few names which, for some reason or other, have captured the imaginations of the Chinese, and who are known throughout the Empire.

The list is extremely peculiar, and, strange to say, contains none of the giants of literature. Shakespeare is unknown, but Moses is quite famous, and Napoleon is a great hero. Darwin and Herbert Spencer have come in through Japanese influences, and they have many followers amongst the literati. The memory of Gordon is revered throughout the eighteen Provinces, and the name of Sir Robert Hart is known to every official and to great numbers of others. In addition to his great work in connection with the Customs, he has organised a wonderful Postal System, and future generations will probably appreciate his services more than those of the present do.

Probably, however, all these names fail in their significance to the Chinese mind before that of Li Ti Moa Tai, or, as he is known to us, Dr. Timothy Richard. A Welshman, blessed with noble ideals and the power of impressing them upon others, he occupies a unique position in China to-day. He first came into prominence by his work during the great Shansi famine of 1878, and for years afterwards he conducted an educational campaign amongst the official classes. An eloquent tongue, a charming personality, and a thorough knowledge of Chinese etiquette, have gained him a hearing where so many have failed, and he is constantly asked by the higher officials for his help and advice. He was the chosen friend and confidant of Kang ü Wei and his band of reformers, and after the *coup d'état* he devoted his energies to translation works, and his books are scattered far and wide. Since 1900, he has had honours and offices showered upon him by the Chinese Government, and no Governor or Viceroy thinks of going through Shanghai without visiting him.

Dr. Allen, for many years the editor of the *Universal Gazette*, has also had a great influence among the literary classes, and in the same connection may be mentioned Mr. Cornaby, the editor of the *Da Tung* newspaper.

Of the older generation, Dr. Fryer and Dr. Martin are well known because of their literary work, and Dr. Gilbert Reid has done much to improve the relations between Chinese and foreigners by means of his International Institute. Of missionaries, the names of Griffiths John and Hudson Taylor are known to thousands, while amongst educationalists we may mention the names of Dr. Tenney and Dr. Moir Duncan, though, unfortunately, the former has been made one of the victims of the recent anti-American feeling. May the number of these good and useful men increase from time to time, so that the deep chasm which separates the two races may be bridged over, and peace and harmony restored.

R. W. Swallow.

Photo] **Coiffure in the Stable: The donkey enjoys (?) his morning crop** [*Crawford McFall*

The donkey is so rarely brought before the public in any other than a ridiculous light that the above photograph, depicting an ass undergoing the dignified and essentially human operation of a "hair-cut" (with his friend, an Aberdeen fox-terrier, as an admirer), should do much to redeem his species in the eyes of scoffers

Curling Catches On: The Scottish Win

Photo] **Scene on the Curling Rink at Kandersteg, where a "Bonsp**

Though King Frost has again favoured these isles with his presence, his long absence has induced winter sportsmen to betake themselves, annually, in increasing numbers, to Switzerland, where his genial rule is supreme. Alpine resorts—Davos, St. Moritz, Grindelwald, etc.—are simply inundated with British visitors, and though skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing, are as popular as ever; *the* ice-game, the enthusiasm for which vies with that of golf on *terra firma*, is curling, also of Scottish origin. Curling is spreading all over Switzerland with extra now considers its pleasure outfit complete i specially imported from the granite quarries played at St. Moritz, Davos, and Grindel knew it, for the most part, only by hear "caught on," and rinks specially reserved

Sport Which Has Captured Switzerland

l," or curling match, takes place at the end of this m:nth [*Ward Muir*

dinary rapidity, and no winter-sport hotel it does not include several sets of stones of Caledonia. Curling has, of course, been ld, for many years; but the other resorts . Quite suddenly, however, curling has curlers are now the rule rather than the exception. One of the newer resorts—Kandersteg—indeed, may be said to lay itself out more for the curler than for any other class of sportsman; and the Kandersteg Bonspiel week (a "Bonspiel" is a curling match), which usually takes place about the end of January, is becoming one of the classic events of the Swiss winter season. Our photograph gives an idea of the appearance of the rink during a match, each one of the players carrying with him a broom for sweeping the ice

Worldly Short Story No. 55

"ESPECIALLY PARKINS"

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "Whispers About Women," "When Love Flies out o' the Window," etc.)

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THE *Planet* invited Jochmonitz—one of the most distinguished writers of English comedy—to contribute to the discussion: "Do Managers Read Amateurs' Plays?"

Jochmonitz, having got out of bed the wrong side that morning, replied ironically that the question was ridiculous, since there was hardly a manager in the West End but had read an amateur's play at some time or other.

De Vere, the actor-manager of the Throne, who had just asserted that he attentively considered at least three hundred and sixty-five plays by amateurs every year of his life, was annoyed by this flippancy, which seemed to impeach his truthfulness; he answered, in a letter of some heat to *The Planet*, that the successes of Jochmonitz, in middle-age, evidently failed to console him for the disappointments he had experienced before he learnt his business.

Jochmonitz retorted pointedly, that if his next play were offered under the name of an unknown author, it would be rejected by every theatrical manager in London.

Three thousand two hundred and forty-seven unacted dramatists quoted the retort with bitter smiles, but only one person happened to perceive its possibilities—and he was a club waiter.

His name was Augustus Green. If you recall "The Lady of Lyons" and the gardener's son who loved above his station, a detailed description of Augustus Green may be avoided. He was just what Claude Melnotte would have been if Claude had had to hustle for a living, instead of poring o'er "the dreams o' sages." It is true that the less cultivated Augustus had no inclination towards martial glory—his antipathy to conscription was indeed pronounced—but he had a soul that disdained his duties, and he loved hopelessly a beautiful lady who was a member of the club.

That the waiters in ladies' clubs are exposed to a grave temptation to love hopelessly is an evil that has been strangely ignored. Perhaps one of the numerous societies, founded in England and the United States with the object of meddling with other people's affairs, will shortly cast a suppressing eye upon it.

Miss Freda Musgrove, the member referred to, was a literary woman. She had written two novels, from which Augustus quoted in the kitchen—they had lately been promoted to a sixpenny edition—and several plays which had never seen the footlights. These things she had accomplished without looking more than the age to which she confessed, viz., seven-and-twenty. She was pale and slim, and her mouth had that slightly sullen expression which is so attractive in woman when combined with grey eyes and straight brows. (Without grey eyes and straight brows it is no good at all.) To Augustus the Advance Club was a desert when she was absent, and as he struck a light for her cigarette, or took her order for tea and toast—she seldom dined there, being hard up—it required heroic efforts to conceal his homage.

No other member took a light with so much elegance, or sipped tea so soulfully, or displayed so patrician an instep on the footstools.

On many a night Augustus used to lie awake—while the other waiters babbled of their vulgar interests—intoxicated by visions of a meeting with Miss Musgrove when he had become a famous actor in a fur overcoat. He pictured himself producing one of her plays—of course he had heard that she wrote plays; there was very little she said in the place that he did not contrive to hear—and after it had scored a brilliant success, after she had blessed him for his masterly performance in it, he told her of his secret love, and how he had toiled for years to raise himself to her level. ("For it was sweet, if not to win, to feel more worthy thee!") She regarded him in amazement, faltering, "You have thought of me for years? But I have only known you for a few weeks!" "You knew me in the Advance Club," he muttered through white lips; "my name is 'Augustus Green'—I was once a waiter!" For a brief moment she paled indignantly, all her outraged woman's pride scorched him from her flashing orbs, and next——

But although she surrendered to him ecstatically in the visions, she viewed him in the club as carelessly as if he had been the pattern of the carpet, and Augustus was a very unhappy young man. It sometimes happened that she inveigled a youthful editor into the Advance, and though her only object in spending sixpence on him was to gain his acceptance of another story, the tea and toast of her admiring guest was, to the poor waiter who brought it, gall and wormwood. Oh, the jealousy that ached under his

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Another Worldly Story Next Week

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Chuting" Lion Cubs

Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Lion Cubs at Olympia, who daily take a trip on the Helter Skelter Chute at "The Fun City" at Olympia

The great building at Olympia is now the scene of a Mammoth Fun City, where entertainments are in full swing from morn till night. There is a circus, a menagerie, and other shows which delight the heart of youth

(*Continued from page 28*

livery! How he craved the luck to attract this lady's attention by some great, some epoch-making service!

And then in the pantry one evening he read that retort of Jochmonitz' in the previous day's *Planet!*

Being fascinated by the theatre, he naturally dwelt on the retort; being fascinated by Miss Musgrove, he naturally thought how cruel it was that her plays were unlikely to be read, while, according to Jochmonitz, any play of Jochmonitz' would be accepted blindly. . . . "Crumbs!" exclaimed Augustus, on reflection.

One afternoon Miss Musgrove went in to the Advance earlier than was her custom. The room was almost empty. She had a typescript of her new comedy, "Especially Parkins," in her hand, and she sat down to glance at her pet scenes again before submitting the work to the Piccadilly Theatre, with a note on the club stationery. Finding herself without a cigarette she turned to ring the bell, and Augustus, who had been panting for an opportunity, was beside her in an instant.

"Bring me half a dozen Nestors, waiter," said Miss Musgrove, without looking up.

But when he returned with them, and held the match, the waiter's hand shook so violently that she glanced at him in surprise; she couldn't fail to perceive that he was a prey to deep emotion. "What's the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

"May I speak, madam?" stammered Augustus.

"Yes, certainly. What is it?"

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm taking a great liberty, madam—a servant must keep his place, I know very well; it's not for a menial to poke and pry into a member's professional affairs."

"I don't understand," said Miss Musgrove.

"Naturally you wouldn't, madam; you wouldn't understand at all. It's like this, madam: I've taken the liberty of reading your books, and all your stories in the papers that I could lay hands on, and I worship everything you write, Miss Musgrove; I do, indeed!"

"Really?" murmured the lady. "It shows a very——I'm glad you like them, I'm sure."

"Yes, madam, I dote on 'em! And I've taken the liberty of hearing what you've said in the club sometimes, touching the plays you write, and——oh, don't think of me as a waiter, Miss Musgrove, don't! A waiter may be a man and a hartist—I should say 'a nartist'—and I've got private ambitions, miss, that I've never let on about. I mean to go on the stage!"

"The stage?" she echoed, smiling. "The stage is very overcrowded, you know! There are a great many actors."

"There are a great many waiters, miss."

"Not such good waiters as you, though," said Miss Musgrove, graciously.

"If my attendance on you has been appreciated, I'm sure I'm proud to hear it, miss," rejoined Augustus, glowing. "Still, I could never be satisfied with such a walk of life as a permanency—I've been answering advertisements in the *Era* for a year and more. When I do get a part—when I burst my bonds, so to speak—I hope it will be seen that vanity hasn't led me astray."

"Well, I wish you every success! I'm afraid, though, I can't put any part in your way—none of my plays—er—is running at present."

"Oh, you don't need to tell me that, miss; I know they aren't! You're like me—you can't get your chance anywhere."

"Eh?" she said, haughtily.

"I wasn't thinking of your giving me any part, miss; no, what I meant to do was to put you on to getting one of your plays produced! How would it be if I told you that you could have one done at the Throne? That would make you happy, wouldn't it?"

"Waiter," said Miss Musgrove, in her severest tones, "I don't think you are quite yourself—I think you had better go now."

"I'm talking straight, miss; I am, indeed! Oh, let me speak from my 'eart, I implore you! I want to help you, miss. If you'll take my tip, that play on your chair may be produced by De Vere at the Throne, I give you my word it may!"

"Have you been drinking?" faltered Miss Musgrove, more agitated than she cared to reveal. "Tell me the truth—I won't report you!"

"Not a drop, miss, on my honour! It's a scheme, miss—a big scheme that *I* can work for you, if you only say the word. I've been thinking it out ever since Jochmonitz wrote that letter to the *Planet.* You remember, don't you? He said the managers didn't read the pieces sent in to them; he said that if *he* sent in a piece with a new name on it, it'd be refused. Didn't it strike you, miss, how silly the managers would look if they did refuse a piece of Jochmonitz'? Lord, what a show up it'd be for them! What price their 'attentive consideration' then? Either they were liars and didn't read the piece, or they were fools and didn't know a good one when they got it! And De Vere—De Vere, who was so high and mighty—wouldn't Jochmonitz have the laugh of him, just?"

"But—but what has it to do with *me?* I don't see the point," said the lady, bewildered.

"I'm coming to it, miss! Suppose when De Vere got your play he heard it was by Jochmonitz—that Jochmonitz had made a bet he'd prove his words! Do you see *now?* De Vere wouldn't want to be made a laughing stock, miss; De Vere would take your play like a shot. He'd give out that he had been struck of a heap by a new dramatist's talent, and chuckle, thinking that Jochmonitz had lost his bet!"

Miss Musgrove was very pale. No more undignified position than she occupied could be easily imagined. She was at once profoundly ashamed of herself, and athirst for further hints. That there was a great deal of merit in the audacious plan was undeniable.

"And *how*"—she tried to sound as if she were merely amused—"*how* could Mr. De Vere hear that my play was by Mr. Jochmonitz, pray?"

"Trust that to me, miss. I'll work that for you, if you give me leave! I suppose——"

"Suppose what?"

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt, your taking another name? You could always say the piece was by you after it had made a hit, couldn't you? Of course, if you put your right name on it at the beginning,

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In Raiment White as Snow

Photo *Bassano*

A delightfully wintry photographic study of Lady de Clifford (with a pet toy-dog)

Her romantic marriage to Lord de Clifford, as Miss Eva Carrington, of the Vaudeville Theatre, took place about a year ago. Since her retirement from the stage, Lady de Clifford and her husband have spent nearly all their time in Ireland. Both are devoted to sport, and Lady de Clifford has on several occasions run her own horses on the private racecourse which Lord de Clifford has recently made

(*Continued from page 30*)

De Vere would know very well it wasn't by Jochmonitz. It ought to be a name that nobody had ever heard before—just such a name as Jochmonitz might make up if he set out to spoof De Vere."

"All this is nonsense, waiter," said Miss Musgrove, making a valiant effort. "You musn't talk like it any more, please." She picked up her typescript. "I have heard quite enough."

But though she picked up her typescript she couldn't read it; she could think of nothing but the extraordinary suggestion that had been made to her. Although she told herself that to entertain it was out of the question, her mind persistently inquired what would happen if she did. Disgrace, if she were found out, naturally! "A Lady Dramatist Conspires with a Waiter!" Flaring headlines in the Press, ridicule from her acquaintances, and her compulsory resignation from the club. Yes—if she were found out! But nobody could prove that she had known why De Vere took her play unless she entered into an agreement with this man—and she wouldn't do that! Wouldn't? He would want a percentage on her fees—he would insist on an agreement! Oh, the idea was impossible—outrageous!

But perhaps he would understand—he was certainly an intelligent sort of person—perhaps he would understand that she couldn't put her signature to a contract; he might be content to accept her word? Who could prove anything in that case? She would simply have submitted her piece under a pseudonym! She could always assert that she hadn't the faintest notion that De Vere imagined it to be by Jochmonitz—"I wasn't vain enough to dream that my work could be mistaken for a master's." Then why a pseudonym?—if there were a fuss, wouldn't the pseudonym look suspicious? As for that, she could choose a man's name; she could put, "By George somebody"; she could say she thought a man's name on the 'script would dispose a manager more favourably towards it!

She left the club without having posted the play to the Piccadilly; the prospect at the Throne was too dazzling to be banished in a hurry. Half the night she was sleepless, revolving it; and half the night Augustus was sleepless also, re-living the momentous afternoon. Actually, he had talked to her! Though he had expressed himself haltingly, and she had dismissed him with curtness, he had talked to her, and she could never forget it. Whatever happened—he was shrewd enough to know that her decision was not final—she could never eye him so indifferently again; in future he must always be to her a waiter apart, a conspicuous figure with whom she shared a secret memory!

She went to the Advance again on the morrow, but she never pressed the bell, though she was at the point of doing so half a dozen times, and Augustus had no excuse for addressing her. On the following day, too, she went, and now temptation was irresistible; she pretended to be unable to find *The Bystander*, and when Augustus took it from the table to her, she said, with a guilty glance round the room, "I should like to speak to you; can you call on me this evening in Chelsea?"

Rapture convulsed Augustus; "I am afraid not this evening, miss; Friday is my evening off."

"Very well, Friday!" she murmured. "Number three, Rasselas Chambers, King's Road. Come at nine o'clock." And she felt so horribly humiliated that she had to tell him to bring her a whisky and soda.

At nine o'clock on Friday he duly appeared. On the 'bus there had been moments when he foresaw himself falling at her feet, and kissing her hand; anticipation of an interview is often the most satisfactory part of it—at her frigid greeting his courage took flight, and he sat bashfully on a chair by the door, nursing his hat. The flat was not spacious, and the smell of the oil on his hair filled the room.

"I have been thinking over—er—— By the way, I don't know your name," began Miss Musgrove, as much embarrassed as her visitor.

"My name is Augustus Green, miss."

"Well, I have been thinking over your—er—what you said the other day, Green, and I have decided to send 'Especially Parkins' to the Throne. You will remember the title—'Especially Parkins'?"

"'Especially Parkins,' miss—quite so," murmured Augustus. "A very nippy title it is, if I may say so!"

"'Nippy'?"

"Short and sweet, miss, like a quarter bottle."

"Well, I—er—do not wish to know what—er—methods you propose to employ; I merely mention that I am going to send the play. If Mr. De Vere thinks that it comes from Jochmonitz he will certainly write to me without delay, making an offer for the piece. If he does so, you will have no cause for complaint, Green; you will find me grateful. The name I have taken is 'George Fenner.'"

"'George Fenner,' miss—quite so," repeated Augustus.

"Is that satisfactory? I mean, would you be content to—er—to trust to my good faith? You need not have any doubt that—er—— Well, I suppose you wouldn't expect anything unreasonable! What *would* you expect, Green?"

"I—I would rather leave that to your own 'eart, miss," replied the waiter, with an infatuated gaze; "it's a bit early for me to speak of the reward. But when I had served you so devotedly, perhaps you might—— Time works wonders, as they say—perhaps, by and by, you might—— Oh, miss, you might gratify my fondest hope, perhaps?"

"If I found it possible, I would certainly do so," said Miss Musgrove, imagining he referred to his histrionic ambitions.

"I shall pray humbly for that blessed day!" gasped Augustus. And though the scene had fallen very short of his visions on the 'bus, he took leave of her, dizzied by the thought that she understood his love.

Before he went to bed, Augustus consulted the Directory—ascertained that Jochmonitz lived at No. 7, Brudenell Square, South Kensington—and composed a letter to De Vere. He wrote:—

7, Brudenell Square, South Kensington.

(*Private and confidential.*)

SIR,—Mr. Jochmonitz is going to send you his new play, pretending it is wrote by an amateur. He is doing this dirty trick for a bet, because he thinks you will not take it, and then he will make you look silly before the world. He has called the play, "Espeshully Parkins." I know this for sirten, because I heard them talking about it last night, and laughing. I do adore you pashionately in every part you take, and I beg you will not tell him about my warning, because it would lose me my place.

Your faithful admirer,

GWENDOLEN CLARK.

On the next day but one De Vere's secretary placed the note before him. "You had better look at this, sir!" he said, pointedly.

De Vere took it up with the elegant indifference which his lady patrons found so fascinating on the stage, and which he affected off it also when he was in a good temper. But he was less courtly when he threw the letter down. His face was white.

"The damned little skunk!" he exclaimed. "What

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An Actress with a Future

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Dorothy Minto, who is now playing the part of Adela in "Robin Hood"

The Court Theatre was the scene of Miss Minto's first successes a little more than a year ago, for it was while she was playing Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*, and Jenny Hill in *Major Barbara*, that her name first came prominently before the public

(*Continued from page 32*)

d'ye think of that? A nice plant, what? Trying to make me 'look silly,' eh? I'll make him look silly, the low little half-bred! Where's the script? See if it has come in yet—'Especially Parkins'!"

After searching among manuscripts, the secretary returned to say that it *had* come. He put it on the table, and De Vere seized Miss Musgrove's play with a vindictive satisfaction.

"By 'George Fenner,' eh? We'll send 'George Fenner' an offer that'll make Mr. Jochmonitz laugh on the wrong side of his ugly mouth! Two hundred for all rights—what? It's as much as a 'George Fenner' could fairly ask, what? Two hundred pounds for the thing, lock, stock, and barrel! Take down the address, 'George Fenner, 3, Rasselas Chambers, King's Road, Chelsea.' How will the great Jochmonitz answer that—he can't stick out for terms as 'George Fenner'? He'll have to own up and apologise! . . . Well, make it five hundred—the position 'll be just as awkward for him, and it'll look as if I'm treating an unknown man very generously! . . . We'll write early next month, take a note of it—offer George Fenner five hundred pounds for 'Especially Parkins.' Say I am 'much impressed by his work'! File this servant girl's letter. You can leave the script here, when I've time I'll have a look at my part. . . . Mr. Jochmonitz 'll wish he hadn't made his bet on *me*, I think! He'll sing pretty small before I've done with him!"

If Miss Musgrove could have overheard this dialogue, she would have been a happy woman indeed, but as it was her suspense was almost intolerable. And not only was she tried by the waiting, she was tried by the waiter—he had developed a furtive leer which seemed to pervade the Advance Club; it became the salient feature of every room in the building, and haunted her with nameless horrors. Augustus, who designed the leer to express patience and devotion, would have been agonised to learn its effect. To escape it, she ceased to go to the Advance, and—ignorant of her reason, tortured by the fear she must be ill—he watched the door vainly for a fortnight. Every morning he set his breakfast trays hoping she would enter during the day; every night he cleared his supper tables yearning to see her on the morrow. Normally nice women, little divining his anxiety, snapped at him for inattention. He scarcely heard them—all he could think about was a member who wasn't there.

One Friday evening, when Miss Musgrove sat praying for the postman and a letter from De Vere, there was a ring at the bell. Her servant came late and left early, and the next moment the lady stood blankly on the door-mat, while Augustus babbled his relief to heaven.

"Oh, thank Gawd, you are alive," he cried; "thank Gawd! I was afraid you must be ill; I've waited for you till I couldn't bear it no longer. Lord, what I've been through, not seeing you—what a life you've led me!"

"Green!" She closed the door hastily, for his voice was high. "Have you gone mad?"

"Aye," said Augustus, "mad with pain at your 'eartlessness! How could you treat me so, knowing what I must be thinking, knowing what I must suffer, loving you as I do?"

"How dare you?" she panted. "Leave the place at once!"

"Leave the place?"

"At once!"

"You don't mean that?" he stammered. "Say you don't mean it. If I've been hasty, I'm sorry—perhaps I was too harsh. I can't say fairer, can I? You won't chuck me for a few hot words? Remember it was my love that spoke!"

"Listen to me!" she said, with flaming cheeks. "You are a very foolish young man—I didn't know the way you were thinking about me till now. I'm not angry with you—I'm angry with myself for letting you make such a mistake—but you must never call here again. Do you understand?"

"Gawd!" groaned Augustus. "And after all I've done for you!"

A letter slid into the box—there was a sharp rat-tat. Through the wire of the box she could see "Throne Theatre" on the flap of the envelope.

"After all I've done for you!" repeated Augustus, reproachfully. "Ain't you forgetting that?"

But she didn't heed him; she had torn the envelope open, and was devouring the contents.

To Mr. Geo. Fenner.

SIR,—

"Especially Parkins."

Mr. De Vere instructs me to say that he has now had an opportunity of reading your comedy. As it is evidently the work of a writer without any practical experience of the stage, Mr. De Vere is unable to entertain its production.

I am desired to add that a very grave complexion has been put upon your offer of the play by certain false representations that have been made to him, and that you will shortly receive a further communication on the subject.

"Oh!" gasped the terrified woman, and lurched against the wall.

. . . . . .

Perhaps De Vere decided that a hint of legal proceedings would meet the case, for the further communication that was threatened never arrived, but it was a long time before Miss Musgrove outlived her fear of it, and before Augustus could pass a policeman without quaking. The name of "George Fenner" is unlikely to figure on any of the lady's plays in future, and as the Advance Club was more than ever unpleasant to her, she resigned soon afterwards. Many people in it continue to regret the fact—Augustus most of all, who has still to make his début, and often looks back on her "ingratitude" as he dreams among the dishes.

LEONARD MERRICK.

The "BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION.

For the last six months our weekly page of "Bystander Everywhere" photographs has been an important and interesting feature, and photographs have been published of readers in every quarter of the Globe, for each of which 10s. 6d. *has been paid. However, none have been received of such unique interest, either from the point of locality or surroundings, for the Editor to feel justified in awarding the three extra prizes (one of £10, and two of £5 each), which had been offered. As announced, however, on the opposite page, he is still willing to receive photographs of readers taken in out-of-the-way places, or under exceptional circumstances, for each of which he is willing to pay* 10s. 6d. *if published, and his offer of the further prizes still holds good, and will be awarded if photographs of sufficient merit are received.*

Among the less-known parts, photographs have been received during the course of the Competition from—

PERAK	GOLD COAST
MESAPOTAMIA	FRENCH SENEGAL
HIMALAYAS	ST. HELENA
JAPAN	SIERRA LEONE
SIAM	MANITOBA
VLADIVOSTOK	NEW MEXICO
MAJUBA HILL	ARGENTINA
ZAMBESI FOREST	BORNEO

"The Bystander" in Many Lands

(We are glad to receive photographs of readers in various out-of-the-way and interesting parts of the world, and for every photograph published we pay 10s. 6d.)

In a Gold-mining Camp, Nevada

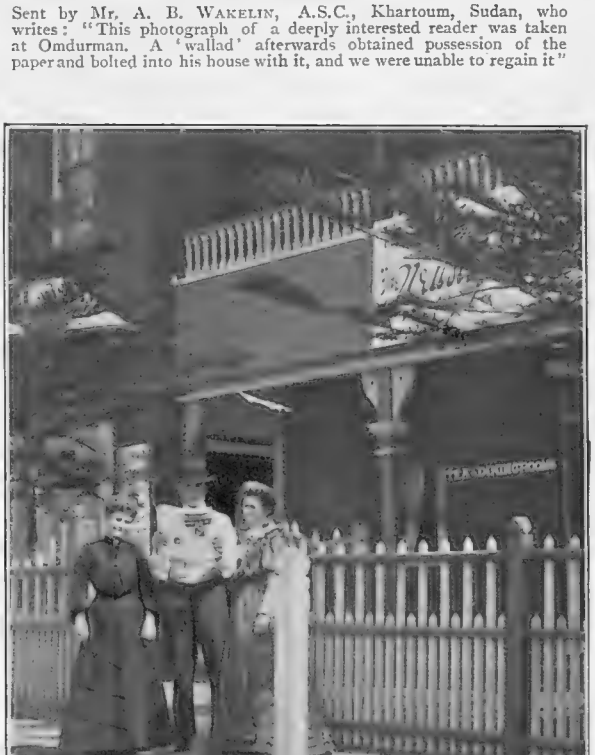
The sender, Mr. F. ABBOTT, Searchlight, Nevada, says: "The ever-attractive BYSTANDER finds a ready welcome awaiting it at Searchlight, in the Nevada Desert. Quite a number of Britishers operating there look forward to the arrival of this happy form of 'news from home'"

In Omdurman

Sent by Mr. A. B. WAKELIN, A.S.C., Khartoum, Sudan, who writes: "This photograph of a deeply interested reader was taken at Omdurman. A 'wallad' afterwards obtained possession of the paper and bolted into his house with it, and we were unable to regain it"

The Padre's Paper

The Rev. A. F. G. WADELL, Chaplain of Raipur and district, writes: "This photograph was taken outside my bungalow, The Parsonage, Raipur, Central Provinces, India, and shows myself, two of my servants (butler and 'bearer'). and THE BYSTANDER, popular here as everywhere"



Three Australian Readers

Miss ANITA COHN, writing from Hotel Australia, Sydney, New South Wales, says: "I took this snapshot at Watson's Bay, just by the Great Sydney Heads. I have the paper sent to me every week during a tour through Australia"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

With Hounds in Ireland

The good sport that can be seen with hounds in Ireland is one of the native's proudest claims, but the Irish hunting man was not particularly well served during the first six weeks of the season. The atmospherical conditions seemed to be all in favour of hunting during November, but in point of fact that was an exceedingly bad scenting month on the other side of the St. George's Channel, and Kildare as well as Meath men admit that sport was distinctly below the average until about three weeks ago, when suddenly scent improved, and there was a remarkable advance of sport all over the country. Leaving his Yorkshire pack in Bartlett's capable hands, Lord Fitzwilliam has recently been hunting with his Irish pack, which are among the best hounds in the country. Their hunting qualities and powers of endurance were strikingly exemplified after their meet at Camolin Station a few days ago.

A Moonlight Hunt

Lord Fitzwilliam's bitches were in grand form. Their first gallop lasted forty minutes. The second comprised fifty-eight minutes at a very fast pace, the pack, at one time, utterly outstriding the field, most of whom nicked in later, and saw them mark their fox to ground. The third item was a hunting run of an hour's duration, mostly in the woods. But hounds were not content with this long programme. On their way back to kennels a fox happened to cross their path, and before they could be stopped, they were away once more in full cry. The strange scene was seen of the bitches hunting their fox indomitably in the full light of the moon—for the shades of night had long since fallen—and they had covered several miles before the hunt servants, riding after them as best they could on tired horses, managed to bring them to a halt. Those hounds slept the sleep of the just that night.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Sir T. C. O'Brien and Mr. George Fitzwilliam, Master of the Fitzwilliam Hounds, at Milton

Sir Timothy O'Brien used to be a well-known figure at Lord's, for he is a fine batsman as well as a follower of the hounds. He is mostly to be seen with the Kildare Hunt

Cricketer and Nimrod

How the crowds used to flock to Lord's to see Timothy O'Brien open his shoulders and drive the ball out of the ground! The free-hitting Irishman was a tremendous favourite with the Middlesex supporters, and they would like to see him more often now, for he is still an exceptionally fine batsman. In the winter, Sir T. C. O'Brien is a regular follower of hounds. Mostly he is to be seen with the Kildare and other Irish packs, but occasionally he puts in a week or two on this side of the St. George's Channel, and our illustration shows him in company with the Milton M.F.H., Mr. George Fitzwilliam, who rejoices in the possession of one of the finest packs of hounds in the kingdom. During his early days in the Mastership of the pack, he had the valuable assistance of Mr. C. B. E. Wright, but since 1901 Mr. Fitzwilliam has held entire sway, and has shown no end of good sport. Mr. Fitzwilliam's Hunt has been unfortunate this season in losing Mr. Howard Gilliatt and other well-known members, and in consequence it has been decided not to hold the usual Fitzwilliam Hunt Ball.

Hunt Dances of the Month

The beginning of another year reminds us that January is an extremely popular month for hunt dances, and during the next few weeks the hunting world will be very gay with these pleasant affairs. The invariably successful ball at Melton Mowbray is fixed for the last day of the month, and a fortnight previously the United Counties Hunt ball will be brought off at Market Harborough. To-morrow (Thursday) night Lord Middleton's Hunt ball takes place at Malton, and there will be the Southdown Hunt dance at Lewes on the following evening. The Craven Hunt ball is fixed for the 8th inst.; the Oakley, West Kent, and Warwickshire dances, on the 9th; the Rugby Hunt on the 15th; the Pytchley on the 24th; and the Bicester on the 31st.

The Hon. E. S. Douglas-Pennant

Late Master of the Grafton, to whom the members of the Hunt have just presented his portrait by Sir George Reid

A Recent Presentation

Never was a hunting presentation better deserved than that of which the Hon. E. S. Douglas-Pennant was recently the recipient. Successfully to control a fashionable country like the Grafton requires a combination of qualifications which very few men possess. But Mr. Douglas-Pennant showed unmistakably that he had the necessary virtues, and his term of office will be recalled as one of the best in the history of the pack. He once had to complain very bitterly of the spread of wire in the country, but the members of the Hunt immediately set to work to fight the evil systematically. So well did they work, that the Grafton country stands clearer of wire to-day than the majority of countries in the Midland counties.

Losses to Hunting

Our illustration of Mr. Albert Brassey and his fine Heythrop pack calls to mind, alas! the great loss which this Hunt sustained last month by the death of Mr. W. M. Foster-Melliar, who had been their Hon. Sec. for many years. His tall, substantial figure and cheery voice will be greatly missed with these hounds. He had hunted with them for forty years, and scores of Oxford undergraduates, to whom he was ever kindly and helpful in the field, will be grieved to hear of the death of this good sportsman. The year which has just closed was, unhappily, rather a black one in regard to hunting losses, many widely known followers of hounds passing away during the twelve months. Sir James Miller, Mr. Hopton Addams Williams, the Duke of Rutland, Sir Thomas Boughey, Mr. C. E. Lewis, Mr. George Brendon, Mr. A. B. Wrangham, Mr. J. Gubbins, Mr. C. W. Wickstead,

Photo] **The Heythrop Hounds: The dog pack** *[Leonard Willoughby*

Mr Albert Brassey, the Master of the Heythrop, is standing in the middle, and the huntsman, C. Sturman, on the left

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox, were among the Masters and ex-Masters who have been taken from us since this time last year. A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

Massed Beds

One of the worst faults in a garden is spottiness. Nature, in all her arrangements, invariably masses her plants, and if any isolated specimens do occur, they are merely outposts thrown out from the main body, each of them destined in time to be surrounded by many others. There is thus no clashing of inharmonious colours, and no mixing of incongruous forms. This series of irregular bays in which smaller plants may nestle, some finding shelter from the wind, and others shade from the sun, according to their special requirements. So managed, the mixed border is no haphazard jumble of different species, but is, on a small scale, a perfect example of landscape gardening, based on natural methods.

To Resist Frost

The depth of winter is not an ideal time to make alterations in the garden, but it is often the only time available, and if the work is suspended during frost, hardy herbaceous perennials are not likely to be injured by being moved now. After disturbance plants

Photo *Reid*

An effective example of a massed bed of delphiniums at Kilmichael, Arran

Many gardens lose their effectiveness by being spotty, for to get the best results flowers should be planted in masses, so that there is no clashing of colours or mixing of inharmonious forms

is as it should be in the garden. Where the grounds are large, an exceedingly fine effect may be obtained by means of beds of the same species of plants, as shown in the photograph, and even in the mixed border they should be massed and not dotted about. Delphiniums, for example, are handsome in any position, but if they are to be seen at their best, they must be grown in large groups, merging into others which harmonise with them. It is not uncommon to see delphiniums and other tall plants confined to the background, but this again is a mistake. Such formality is unknown in Nature. A tall background is sometimes advisable, and often necessary for a herbaceous border, especially when there is a stretch of kitchen garden behind it, but the plants comprising it should advance and recede, so as to form a

are naturally less able to resist the effects of frost. If they are perfectly hardy, this will not matter much, but any about which there is the least doubt should be protected with a covering of litter, or if this is considered objectionable, by means of ashes. Many a plant, considered so tender that it is often lifted and wintered in a shed, or even under glass, will survive unhurt if a heap of ashes is placed over the crown. Incarrillea Delavayi, one of the handsomest perennials of recent introduction, may be mentioned as an instance. Another advantage of the use of ashes is the fact that they serve as a protection against slugs, which otherwise often do great damage to the young shoots just as they are starting in early Spring.

RUSTICUS.

Sport in South Devon

THE HALDON HARRIERS AND THE SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS

A Meet of the Haldon Harriers at Torquay: The Master, Mr. Baron D. Webster

The pack is owned by the Master, and hunts the district around Torquay and St. Marychurch

The South Devon Pack Meet at Longcombe, near Totnes: Mr. W. Rendell, Deputy-Master and Huntsman, with the hounds

The pack is this season being hunted by Mr. W. Rendell, the Deputy-Master and Huntsman, in the absence of the Master, Mr. W. M. G. Singer, who has gone abroad for the benefit of his health

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Enter the Year 1907

We have now definitely put 1906 behind us, with all its joys, successes, disappointments, and failures, and have a lovely new toy to play with in the shape of the good year 1907. What are we going to make of it? That is a question which a good many of us are asking ourselves, not only in respect of golf, but of many less serious matters, such as Parliamentary work, business, Stock Exchange speculations, and similar light and airy concerns of life.

I must reluctantly refrain from venturing on these latter frivolous topics, and must sternly confine myself to the solid subject of golf in all its aspects. But I may, perhaps, be permitted at the opening of the year to wish my readers not only the greatest possible success in golf itself, but also in all those minor matters to which I have alluded above, and to which some people seem to attach considerable importance.

We have now reached the usual breathing space between two seasons, when we sum up our past record and make heaps of fine resolutions for the future. But the thoughts and resolves of golfers, however interesting to themselves, do not provide subject-matter for the pen of the chronicler, and I am perforce constrained by the dearth of material events to continue generalising about the game.

The Resurrection of the Foursome

Let me first record my deep satisfaction at the resurrection of the foursome, and at its immense vitality. I think we may say that the foursome has returned to stay. We hear now much less of the four-ball variety, and players have at last recognised that the good old-fashioned form of combined play is the best after all. I have great faith in the educational power of the foursome, and if the younger generation of golfers will stick to it, they will find how much benefit to their game and amusement to themselves they will be able to extract from it. The present year will, I hope, confirm the popularity of the foursome. The professionals have always made it part of their International match, and I trust the amateurs will follow their example this year. It is always a great encouragement to younger players to see the leading lights playing foursome matches, and often induces them to try a form of golf which they might otherwise neglect.

The Cause of Match Play

This year we shall probably see some modification introduced into the constitution of the Open Championship. What that modification is going to be none of us at present know. I have made an effort in the columns of a contemporary to plead the cause of match play, which at present is conspicuous by its absence from the Open Championship. The question is a very difficult and delicate one to tackle. How are you going to control the numbers of competitors without interfering with any player's right of entering for an open event? I have seen many suggestions, but none of them strike me as satisfactory. The same difficulty will, probably, arise before long in the case of the Amateur Championship, and the same awkward and invidious problem will confront the authorities controlling that competition.

The Open Championship

As regards the Open Championship, some recommendations and suggestions have been formulated by the Professional Golfers' Association, and are now being considered by the proper authorities. I am afraid that the match game is looked upon with so little favour by the professionals as a test of golf that it stands but little chance of forming part of their recommendations. But I am convinced that the logic of the matter is on my side, and that, sooner or later, it will be recognised that the anomaly of deciding the Open Championship solely by a form of the game which is an historical accident, to the exclusion of the true and original method of golf, must be swept away, and that in its place must be put a system which will provide a test in both forms of the game for would-be champions. When that truth is recognised, we shall probably find both Championships conducted on similar lines, each starting with a scoring test, for the purpose of sorting the sheep from the goats, and ending up with a match tournament for the successful sheep.

The Question of Numbers

The greatest, nay, almost the sole, hope for the solution of our difficulties, lies in the question of numbers. The popularity of golf is increasing with such leaps and bounds that a limitation of the number of entrants for the two great tournaments will have to be imposed. Such a limitation must come through some public test of the players, and must not be imposed by the will of any secretary or committee of a club, as some writers have suggested. It would never do to force a player to apply to the committee of his club for leave to enter for a championship. Such a position would be neither fair to the player nor the committee. The player must be left to prove his own fitness by making him submit to a test in company with other players of his district. This seems to me the only logical, reasonable, and just method of limiting the entries to a championship. When this is recognised, we shall have made a first step on the path which will ultimately lead us to the proper method of settling both Championships, first by scoring and then by match play.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

T. K. Ashton, who holds the record for the course

The Vogue of Golf

SOME WELL-KNOWN CLUBS: I.—CHELTENHAM

The Editor will be pleased to receive from golf clubs in all parts of the country, photographs of their course and their chief players for publication in these pages.

Amongst the best-known and most popular golf clubs in the Provinces is the Cheltenham Golf Club. The links are situated about five miles from the town, on Cleeve Hill, with an elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea level. The view from the Club-house is magnificent—as one can see Gloucester and Worcester Cathedrals, Tewkesbury Abbey, the Forest of Dean, the Malvern Hills, and the Bristol Channel. The Club-house is reached by an electric tram, which runs every twenty minutes from both railway stations in the town. The Club was first started in 1891 by Messrs. Long, Burgoyne-Wallace, John Gray, and Captain Mascie Taylor, and the course was laid out by old Tom Morris. In 1894, ladies were permitted to join the Club. The membership at present being 250 gentlemen and 150 ladies.

The Course

The course is an eighteen-hole one, the distances from tees to greens varying from 125 to 486 yards. Situated as they are on hills, the greens vary in altitude from 700 to 1,050 feet above sea level, while altogether some 300 acres are in use, part of this area consisting of sandstone, quarries, deep ravines, sunken roads, and cart ruts. The turf is like that found at the seaside, being of close texture.

Members and Meetings

The President of the Club is the Right Hon. Earl of Eldon; the Captain, Major-General Cunningham; and the Hon. Secretary, Colonel F. Stevenson, C.B. Amongst the members are some first-class players, viz., the Hon. Osmund Scott, his brother Denys, and T. K. Ashton, the latter, whose photograph we give, holding the record of the course—72.

There are two meetings annually, in May and October, besides the usual monthly Medal and Bogey Competitions.

Temporary members are admitted for six months for £2 10*s.*; for one month, £1: for a week, 8*s.*; and one day, 2*s.*

Cheltenham Golf Club: A group of players

The Captain of the Club is Major-General Cunningham, and the Hon. Secretary is Colonel F. Stevenson, C.B., and among the members are several first-class players, including the Hon. Osmund Scott. The links are situated on Cleeve Hill, about five miles from Cheltenham, and two meetings are held annually

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"With Byron in Italy." By Anna McMahan. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Story of Robert Bruce." By Jeanie Lang. (Jack: 1s. 6d. net.)
"Birds Shown to the Children." By M. K. C. Scott. (Jack: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Letters of Literary Men." By Frank Arthur Mumby. (Routledge: 6s.)
"The Black Tulip." By Alexandre Dumas. (Greening: 1s. 6d. net.)
"The Outer Darkness." By R. H. Wright. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Second Bloom." By Helen Porter. (Greening: 6s.)

Letters of Literary Men

Mr. F. A. Mumby is to be congratulated on his industry in compiling and editing a volume of the *Letters of Literary Men* (Routledge: 6s.), comprising those of writers and poets, from Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) to those of Burns. Though a work of a kind which allows the individuality of the editor but little scope, there is a great public service in the compilation of such letters. Many people, who avoid, at all costs, the reading of the published writings of the so-called "standard" authors, are only too glad to glance at their non-official scribblings. There, to the mind of many people, far more than in the work posed for posterity, is to be found the real man.

Miss Beatrice Kelston

Whose book of verse, "The Garden of My Heart," has lately been published

With Byron in Italy

I am tempted to draw, for illustration of this point, on another than Mr. Mumby's volume, namely, that by Miss Anna B. McMahan, *With Byron in Italy* (Fisher Unwin: 6s.), an illustrated selection of his letters from that country. There are very many people who do not, to-day, read Byron; people who, while admiring his imagination and entire beauty of verbiage, dislike his lack of spirituality. In the words of the editor, Miss McMahan, Byron's vogue was the "mock-heroic." Some of his poetry is magnificent; it compels our admiration, but not the love we feel towards those who give us that "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge which it is the supreme mission of poetry to convey." His opponents will gloat over the unfavourable impression of the man to be derived from his letters from Italy. That Byron, poetically, "saw" Italy is proven in the Italian stanzas of "Childe Harold." That he had the true appreciation of Italy, in any other than the "mock-heroic" poetical sense, however, is not to be admitted. His remarks on the art of painting alone are calculated to make the modern æsthete writhe:—

> I know nothing (he writes to Mr. John Murray from Venice in 1817) of painting; unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see, for which reason I spit upon and abhor all the Saints and subjects of one-half the impostures I see in the churches and palaces; and, when in Flanders, I never was so disgusted in my life as with Rubens and his eternal wives and infernal glare of colours, as they appeared to me; and, in Spain, I did not think much of Murillo and Velasquez. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is the most imposed upon.

That some people should write and think thus, no doubt would not surprise the æsthete at all. But that Byron—supposedly, of his own flesh, a "moral pervert" of the first water, a man who, in other letters, uses such phrases as the "stigma of morality," "as ugly as virtue"—that he should give voice to so Philistine a sentiment as that Art should be subjective! If a further proof of Byron's essential un-Italianism were needed, the letters from Italy furnish it. Though engaged in the penning of the "Childe Harold" stanzas, gloating over Italy's dead glories, the poet was writing to London the purest commonplaces—in a perpetual bad temper. The chronicles of his movements, as he penned them to Mr. Murray, might have been edited from a series of picture postcards for all the literary quality they contain, or for all the evidence they furnish of a real love of living Italy on the part of the poet. For instance:

> I went to the Medici chapel—fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcases.
>
> The Church of "Santa Croce" contains much illustrious nothing.

And so on. When Byron, in these letters, is not superficially abusing the Italy about which he made such fine poetry, he is talking plain, unadulterated *shop*; speaking of his own work in so flippant a fashion that he might hold it in as small esteem as the bitterest of his latter-day critics. For instance, had he really esteemed his most famous work, would he have referred to it, in letters to his publisher enclosing "copy," as "Donny Johnny"? Of the "Lament of Tasso," he says, "These be good rhymes"! While, in sending along "Manfred," he remarks that "the third act is certainly damned bad." All this, of course, is interesting; but I imagine the inner Byron that these letters reveal is not one calculated to make future generations arise and call him blessed.

The City of Dreadful White

LONDON'S SNOW-CLAD AND DESERTED STREETS AS THEY LOOKED ON BOXING DAY

An unusual aspect of Piccadilly Circus

If it were not for its famous fountain, it would be hard to recognise in the above the usually busy and crowded Circus. When darkness fell, however, even the inclemency of the weather and the two or three inches of icy slush could not dissuade people from flocking in their thousands to the theatres and halls, and Piccadilly again assumed its wonted animated appearance

Photos] **Looking down empty Fleet Street** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Being in the centre of the newspaper world, Fleet Street is awake and busy by night as well as by day, and seldom has it the opportunity of presenting such a deserted appearance. The only forms of traffic which have profited by the snow are the motor-buses and tubes, the former ploughing their way triumphantly through snow and slush, while their horsed rivals were almost unable to move

RACING NOTIONS

HAS STEEPLECHASING DECLINED? BY "CARBINE"

Sport at a Standstill

The outlook at the time of writing is more suggestive of tobogganing than racing, and things are practically at a standstill in the steeplechasing world. The loss caused to the various meetings by the enforced abandonments is very great, but snow and frost at Christmas-time are not altogether unexpected, and it is this very uncertainty of the weather which prevents National Hunt racing from attaining to anything like the success enjoyed by flat-racing. People are fond of complaining that there is so little life about modern steeplechasing, but they are apt to forget how utterly the sport is at the mercy of the weather. Race meetings in winter do not attract the big crowds that assemble in summer-time, and so executives cannot afford to arrange their programmes on the same liberal and attractive scales. From this it follows that there is not much inducement for owners to put their best horses to steeplechasing, and at the less-important fixtures the dear old band of veteran jumpers, whose names are as familiar as household words to those who follow winter racing, practically have the game to themselves.

Comparisons With the Past

Those critics who never seem to tire of glorifying the past at the expense of what is now before us prate monotonously about the decadence of steeplechasing. But has the sport really gone down? So far as my own personal experience takes me, I am inclined to think that the sport has as many good supporters as ever it had, and I am sure the racing is quite as good as it was in the days of the Kingsbury and Croydon racecourses. Possibly, good military riders are not quite so numerous as they once were, but Captain L. Denny, Captain Rasbotham, Mr. C. Bewicke, Captain Stacpoole, Captain R. H. Collie, Captain G. de Crespigny, Mr. E. C. Miller, and Lord Hugh Grosvenor—to name just a few that occur to me at the moment—surely do not compare unfavourably in good horsemanship and nerve with the soldier-jockeys of twenty or thirty years ago.

No Lack of Amateur Talent

Nor in civilian ranks is there such a lack of amateur talent as the grumblers would have us suppose. In last season's Grand National, did not Mr. Aubrey Hastings give as fine a display of cross-country horsemanship when winning on Ascetic's Silver, trained by himself, as ever was seen in steeplechasing by either amateur or professional? And was not the third in that exhausting race ridden by another amateur, Mr. H. S. Persse? And are not Mr. J. S. Fergusson, Mr. A. Gordon, Mr. T. J. Longworth, Mr. R. Payne, Mr. W. Silver, and Mr. P. Whitaker all first-class cross-country riders, very little behind the best and strongest professionals? Enough, then, of the fallacy that steeplechasing is waning because of a scarcity of amateur talent. Glancing through the list of owners who have steeplechasers in training at the present time, one finds as many prominent names as one could have done thirty years back.

The Grand National

Most of us have a good idea of the names we shall find in the Grand National entry this year, but it will be a good thing to have the weights out, for then owners will race their candidates without that fear of incurring the handicapper's too kind attention, which seems to haunt them at present. In making selections for the present week, the main fear is that there will again be no racing at all. But, hoping for the best, I would point to the likelihood of **The Clown II.** winning the Eton Hurdle Handicap at Windsor on Friday, while on the following day, **Denmark** may add the Castle Steeplechase to his recent successes.

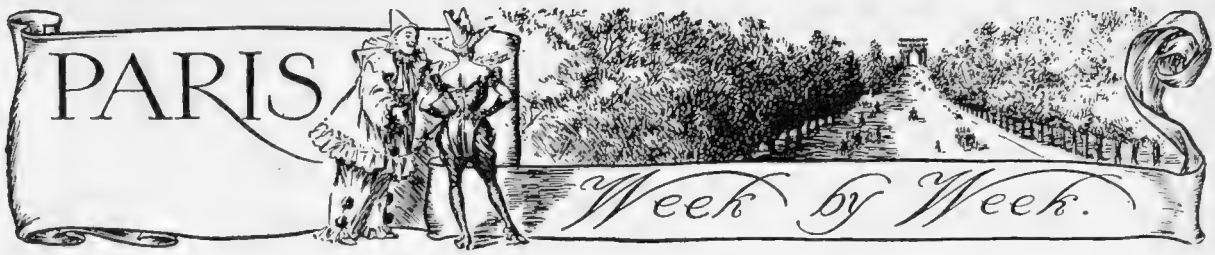
Notice to Our Golfing Readers

Since our "Golf Notes and Notions" went to press, the new Regulations for the Open Championship have been published. Mr. Ernest Lehmann, however, hopes to deal with them in our next issue.

THE SAVOY NEW YEAR'S EVE MENU

The Arrival of 1907 at the Savoy, London, by Aeromobile

The above is a reproduction of the cover of the menu of the banquet given on Monday evening last at the Savoy Hotel, which is year by year becoming the rendezvous for people wishing to usher in the New Year with gaiety and mirth



The Last of the Merry "Réveillons"

The *Réveillon* has been very respectable this year, but very sad. Tables have been retained, as usual, weeks in advance at the *cafés* in city and suburb, but the life of the thing has passed from the people. They sup, eat, and drink like on other nights, but the contagious merriment, the unexpected situations, the spontaneous fun have been rare. The last of the real *Réveillons* took place five years ago. Since, they have been but weak imitations. I strolled into the Taverne Royale on Christmas Eve, and saw the *Réveillon* of 1906. The forlorn show! Good business from the proprietor's point of view, every table occupied with smart company, but a joyless feast, a sorry crowd.

* * *

Their Swan Song

My friend, a dramatic author from London, questioned the head waiter. "Not lively, is it?" "Oh, no, sir; there hasn't been a lively *Réveillon* since you were here. You assisted at the last." And I questioned in my turn, and heard the details of the last *Réveillon* that made the waiter smile and sigh. It was about three in the morning, the tables had been pushed on one side, and the dancing had begun. The ladies, in low dresses, sparkling with jewels, had been waltzing with their companions—young men "seeing life." They had supped at the restaurant, and were finishing the night joyfully. But, in about an hour, the young men were tired—they had danced enough; while the ladies, fresh as paint, were eager for more. "Couldn't, *ma chère*; exhausted, done up," was the response. And, resting against the wall, their hats at the back of their heads, the youths wiped their brows with scented handkerchiefs and panted. Suddenly a fair little lady whisks hold of Joseph, the waiter—big, fat Joseph—and in a second is whirling with him to the strains of the "Valse Bleue." In another minute the idea has caught on, and the ladies, leaving their cavaliers to recoup themselves, finished the dance with the waiters. "And you?" I inquired of my friend. "I," he answered, "was one of the exhausted against the wall."

* * *

A Painter's Success

How easily some men succeed! A French painter, little known in Paris, makes an exhibition of drawings in London. Lord Carrington passes down the street,

Photo *Manuel*

The French Religious Troubles: The Man to whom the Law of Separation is due

In the centre is seated M. Briand, the Minister of Public Instruction, to whose efforts the Law of Separation can mainly be assigned, with his two assistants, M. Mejan (*on the left*) and M. Tissier (*on the right*)

is attracted, and walks into the gallery. He gives the artist an order for his portrait and for one of Lady Carrington. The artist obtains an introduction from his patron to the Queen of Spain, at Cowes; arrives at Osborne Cottage and is granted a *séance*; finishes the portrait at his studio near the fortifications; and invites all Paris to admire it. The Infanta Eulalie, accompanied by Mme. Lambert de Sainte-Croix, spent a few moments before the drawing and complimented the artist. And at five o'clock more people than the painter knew had passed in and out, criticising and gossiping. For here were also exhibited portraits of Mme. Rouvier, wife of the ex-Minister, and Mme. Regis de Olivera, and others. Overheard on the stairs: "Charming, delightful." "What name did you say? Drian?" "No, no—Cayron, Jules Cayron." "Oh, thanks; how stupid of me."

FRANCES KEYZER.

* * *

A Law of Tyranny

One of the most touching sights that Paris has witnessed for some time is the departure of the aged Archbishop from his Palace. Even partisans of the State, narrow and godless as many of them are, find it difficult to screen their Government on this point. "The law has been passed," they remark with the accustomed shrug of resignation, when affairs of State do not damage them personally, "it must perforce be carried out." But this is not the case. The present Government is mighty, and despotic, and tyrannical enough to do anything it pleases. Had it chosen to turn out all the bishops in France, it could have made an exception for Cardinal Richard. Catholics, too, would have been more disposed to reconciliation had a little tenderness and consideration been shown to their aged pastor. Monseigneur Richard is nearly ninety. "His Palace is ours," the Government might have said, "let him spend his last days on earth in peace; he shall be our guest."

* * *

An Absurd Argument

But the Government had no intention of making such generous statements. "Certainly not," they replied to every plea for mercy, "there are plenty of Catholics only too pleased to receive their beloved Archbishop. Why not let him remain with his friend, M. Denys Cochin, who has offered him hospitality for as long as he likes?" The Government, having no scruples, cannot understand why the Cardinal should object to feel himsef under obligations, even to his dearest friends. He will remain with his present host, M. Denys Cochin, for a month, after that it is not certain where he will go. At his age visiting is no longer a pleasure.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Church v. State in France: The pupils of the Grand Séminaire, Paris, conducting the removal of their belongings

It has been chiefly in connection with the official occupation of seminaries that disturbances have occurred with the authorities in different parts of the country

* * *

Striking Scenes

At an early hour, Catholics assembled in the court outside the Archbishop's Palace, desirous of showing him their respect and sympathy. Towards afternoon, the crowd got denser, yet none complained of having to wait in the biting winter wind till the Cardinal could arrive; all felt how unjust and cruel had been his treatment. But the crowd was most interesting. Who were those smart ladies in Paquin robes and costly furs? Who were the gentlemen whose clothing must have come from the most expensive Parisian tailors? The cream of Parisian Society they were — people who are to be seen in the most exclusive *salons*, representatives of the oldest families in France. General Charette was there, General Recamier, Comte de Mun, General Boisfleury, Admiral Bienaime, Comtesse de Bourges, M. de Villebois - Mareuil, and even Boni de Castellane.

* * *

"Smart Paris" Assists

There were less elegantly dressed Catholics present, it is true, but it was "Smart Paris" who started singing the Gregorian hymns, and this portion of the crowd which began the Credo when the Crucifix was held up. They, too, who knelt on the cold-paved courtyard when the Archbishop gave his blessing, they who unharnessed the Cardinal's carriage and dragged it to its destination. Ladies were weeping bitterly when the aged Prelate descended the steps of the home he was leaving never to return, and, indeed, such a sight must have melted the hardest heart. Cardinal Richard, too, was so touched by the sympathy of the crowd, that he almost broke down and fell. The strain has been great for him, but he has borne it well and bravely, although, as I said before, there was no necessity for him to bear it at all. How ridiculous of the Government to give Catholics the opportunity of writing on the martyrdom of Cardinal Richard, one of the darkest blots in the history of the Republic.

A Luxury for the Toilet

There is nothing that will renew a tired man or woman, make him or her ready to "begin again," so much as a bath to which has been added about a tablespoonful of

Colman's D. S. F. Mustard

Have you tried it?

Reg. S.H.B.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen"—on second thoughts we will delete the mere man, since he has scarcely been educated up to the bliss of the bargain as yet—"the sales are about to commence, the most marvellous, irresistible, and wholesale clearances ever before experienced." At the moment, I am buried in catalogues, and, with a discretion born of long experience, am gingerly making selection. This sale procedure has, of late years, become something of a fine art, and, attacked with discretion as I have said, every laudatory adjective may be lavished on the opportunity.

A soft satin and ribbon-trimmed chiffon party dress, suitable for a girl of seventeen

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

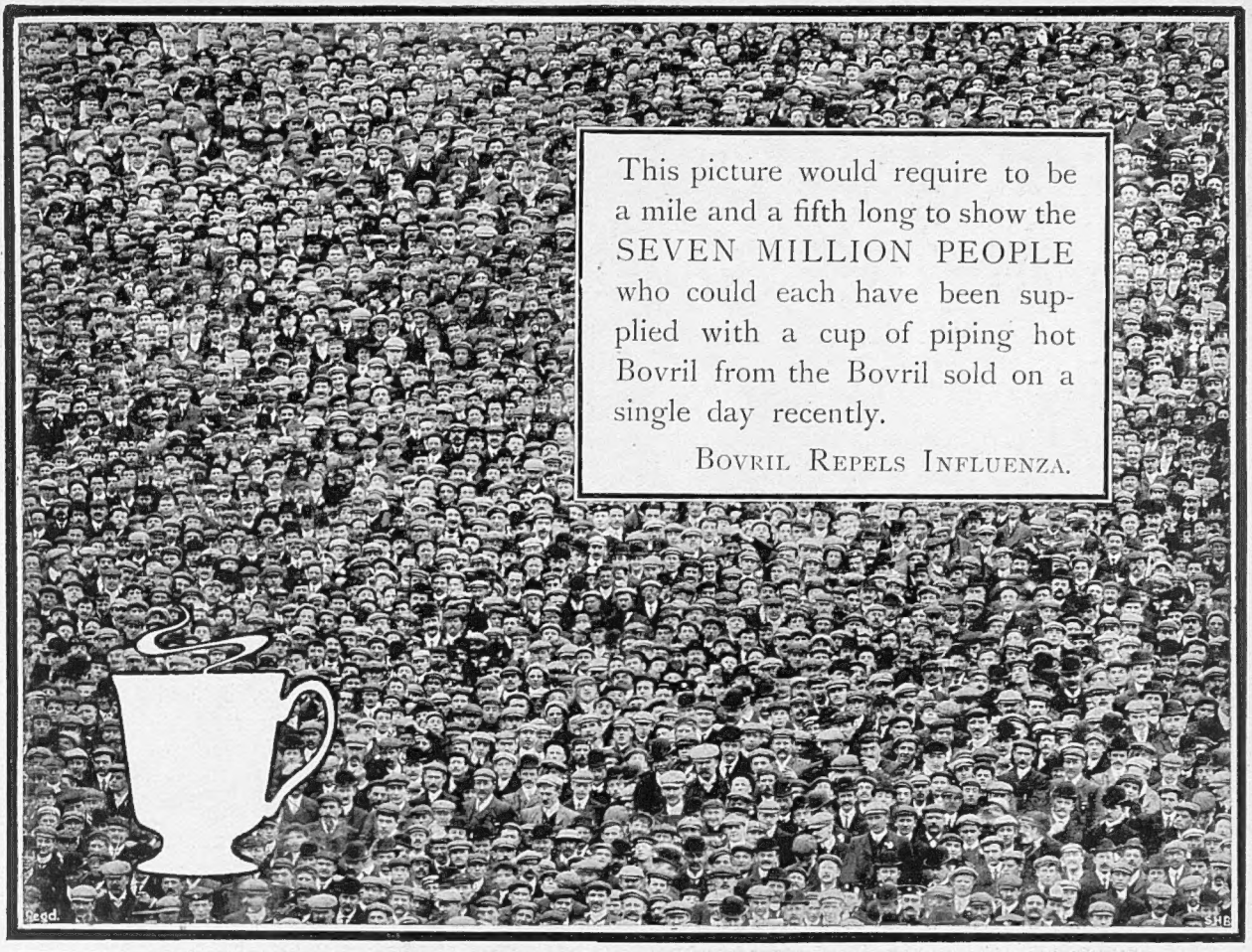
Opinions are unanimous, for instance, as to the unapproachable value of the sale at

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

where an unmistakable emphasis is being laid on a clearance of furs. In a small note at the commencement of the catalogue, the reason for the exceptionally large reductions applied in this department is given, in the extraordinary mildness of the weather prior to Christmas—(Ah me! the perverseness and irony of all things). Undreamt-of treasures are to be found in the smart little fur coats, effected in such covetable pelts as caracule, Persian lamb, seal musquash, nutria, etc., while, among the lesser items, there may be pointed out some Persian lamb-paw ties from 11*s.* 6*d.*, and muffs, 19*s.* 6*d.* These sets represent excellent value.

In tailor-mades, there are two notable designs built in frieze, or black and navy serge, priced at only 58*s.* 6*d.*, the coats lined silk. The first of these boasts a close-fitting, short-basqued coat, the front opening on a white embroidered vest, the whole ornamented with Russian braid and strappings. A highly apropos clearance is that which applies to a stock of white and ivory silks and satins, useful for young ladies' wear, comprising satin Oriental, the always delightful Louisine and new *éblouissant* chiffon taffetas and surahs, these ranging, under the sale *régime*, from 35*s.* to 38*s.* 6*d.* for fourteen yards. A surplus of black *broche* taffetas and satins, in a wide assortment of designs, are proclaimed genuine bargains at 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 11*d.* the yard, and, as usual, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are disposing of all that remains over of their famed black foundation taffetas and *gros*-grains from 1*s.* 6*d.* per yard.

Respecting ties, scarves, belts, ribbons, and trimmings—in fact, all the seductions gathered together at the Vere Street entrance—a tome might be written, and remnants are to be had at a reduction that is halved again. And note that this sale only lasts three weeks from January 7.



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Write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington, for New Edition of beautifully illustrated "CORNISH RIVIERA" Travel Book, post free 3*d*. JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without internal Medicine.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. —Penzing, Vienna.—24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

Sold by all Chemists throughout the United Kindom, the Colonies, and abroad. **Price 4s. per Bottle.** *Sole Wholesale Agents*—
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RHEUMATISM

CHRONIC OR OTHERWISE, IS ABSOLUTELY

CURED

BY

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Price 1*s*. 2*d*. and 2*s*. 3*d*. post free from the sole agents, E. J. Reid & Co., 4, Dunedin House, Basinghall Avenue, E.C. Of all good Chemists, and of Boots', Cash Chemists, all Branches. Proprietor: FRITZ SCHULZ, LEIPZIG.

Sweet Seventeen

A phase of girl life that has undergone a considerable change during the past decade is that period ranging between fifteen and eighteen years. In the majority of cases, nowadays, the hobbledehoy stage is securely passed, and the fearful moment is faced of the young Miss who can be, at once, bewitching, if so be "she stand with shy, reluctant feet," or hideously precocious. There is a certain middle-class young Miss—chiefly the product, one surmises, of the High Schools—who is the most hybrid presentment it is possible to conceive. She has the figure and aplomb of twenty years or more, attributes that strike a most incongruous note, with ankle-length skirts and a *queue*-tied *coiffure*.

Now the party frock suitable to this exigent moment has been causing me, of late, some considerable speculation and consideration. I have been far from satisfied with the ready-made models submitted to me for criticism, the customary evil of over-elaborating marring even the possible efforts. And, for the most part, the whole basis of the conception was wrong—inartistically wrong. Now, in Miss Pleydel Young's original design, the expert eye will quickly appreciate how subservient is the deft decoration of chiffon to the outline of the frock of soft white satin. There is a studied sequence of thought and intention throughout this eminently dainty model, with its skirt flounces of chiffon, stitched lines of narrow white satin ribbon, surmounted by an effective device carried out in minute tucks. The latter is again introduced *fichu*-wise on the *bébé* corsage, which is completed by the sweetest *pouf* sleeves and short hanging drapery.

A practical design for a zenana dressing jacket

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

John Barker's, Kensington

Also to hand, and most exhaustively interesting, is the sale catalogue of this notable Kensington emporium. There are innumerable advantages attendant on shopping at John Barker's sale, notably that articles chosen from the catalogue will be sent on approbation. Then remnant days fall every Tuesday, and carriage is paid on all goods, whether ordered by post or personally selected, that exceed 10*s.* in value.

Recalling the extraordinarily successful season enjoyed in the blouse department, it will be small surprise that a generous spirit reigns in respect of that surplus stock. Making a start at 5*s.* 6*d.* with their smart morning slips, 19*s.* 11*d.* is apparently the top price of the covetable lace and net afternoon slips. The reductions here are quite unprecedented. Equally slashing has the blue pencil proved in the costumes, a number of faithful sketches acting as a big incentive to dive into this wealth of delight.

Lingerie, both practical and persuasive, is a further tale, told in most illuminative manner, an incidental note explaining that, despite the extraordinary advance in cotton—an advance in no way realised by the outside public—and also in laces and embroideries, by reason of a big demand, the reductions will be at the usual ratio.

But, as will be readily understood, it is quite impossible in such a vast establishment as John Barker's to do more than just skim the surface of things in a preliminary announcement, and there is the whole month of January in which all who are so disposed can participate in this great opportunity of replenishing wardrobe, linen cupboard, etc., at temptingly low prices.

Practical Zenana Dressing Jacket

Silk zenana is an ideal production; a little costly, perhaps, in comparison with other materials consecrated to toilet wear. There is economy in the end, since its durable qualities are excellent, and zenana cleans like the proverbial rag. The original design depicted discloses a model splendidly reasonable in every respect, the sleeves affording warmth and ease, and the pretty cross-over vest ensuring warmth to the chest. Quite a short length, one probably worthy to be termed a remnant, would suffice to construct the affair, consequently the offering falls most amiably in sympathy with the all-pervading sales.

Visitors to Rome

All roads lead to Rome, and in Rome it may truly be said that all roads lead to the Grand Hotel. Mr. Russell Foster, in his well-known book, "Rambles in Rome," describes this hotel as "the best in Italy," and he is undoubtedly right. The hotel is open throughout the year, and when it is remembered that it is under the same proprietorship and direction as the Savoy and Claridge's, no further recommendation is needed.

Our Blotter

A few weeks ago we presented a novel Supplement, in the shape of a hand-rest blotter, and its presentation was so acceptable to our readers that this week, with each copy of the paper, we are again giving one of these blotters away gratis.

From Dec. 31st

Until Jan. 26th.

HAMPTONS' GREAT SALE

of High-class Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Fabrics, Linens, China, &c.,

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Readers have but to see the contents of this catalogue to realise that

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ELECTRICITY PROPERLY APPLIED

Is a certain cure for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, HYSTERIA, NEURASTHENIA, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, &c., in BOTH SEXES,

And in The "EMSCO" CONSTANT CURRENT GARTER for Ladies, The "EMSCO" CONSTANT CURRENT BELT for Men, the electric current, of 1 to 5 milliamperes at 15 volts pressure, is scientifically and continuously applied and the result achieved.

WRITE FOR DOCTORS' OPINIONS ON THESE INVENTIONS.

Price from £1 1s. 0d.

A qualified physician is in attendance, and will give advice, personally or by correspondence, free to purchasers. Write for appointment or send full particulars.

THE ELECTRO-MEDICAL SUPPLY CO., 13, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

Midwinter Motoring

At the moment of writing this article, I am spending the holiday season in the Hundred of Wirral, in West Cheshire, and the weather is distinctly in keeping with one's ideas of an orthodox English Christmas. A heavy fall of snow has been followed by sharp frost, and the wintry landscape presents a fairy picture very charming to the eye of the beholder from Town. Looking across the Cheshire plain and over the sands of Dee, the Welsh mountain ranges rise in their white mantles like miniature Alps, and, despite the fact that the nearest is distant some score of miles and that the roads hereabouts are not, at present, the best from a motoring point of view, one is reminded pleasantly enough of some delightful tours among their fastnesses made in the earlier months of 1906. The Easter run of the M.A.C. to Bettws-y-Coed ; a week's tour in Flint, Denbigh, and Carnarvon ; and a famous trip through the heart of Llewellyn's country to Shropshire and Hereford, were all described in due course, and are only referred to now because of the altered conditions of the countryside, and the remarkable contrast presented. Not that it is to be supposed there are no motorists abroad just now, even in these remote parts. Your true enthusiast always defies the inclemency of the severest season, and I know of several who, about the time this issue of THE BYSTANDER is published, will be braving the terrors of the main Holyhead road, *en route* for the Dublin Exhibition. What with the comfort and convenience afforded by Limousine and Landaulette coachwork, and the power and reliability of the modern motor, there is no reason nowadays why midwinter trips should not be more generally undertaken than they are. If one wraps up properly, and the daily stages are so shortened as to leave a margin of daylight in case of, say, such an incident as came under my notice recently, when boiling water had to be procured every few miles in order to thaw the lubricators, much genuine and delightful sport may be obtained.

Car-icatures: No. VIII.—The Hon. C. S. Rolls
Son of Lord Llangattock, head of the engineering firm of C. S. Rolls and Co., one of the pioneers of English automobilism, and, incidentally, a balloonist
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

Progress in 1906

Even were it possible in the space at my disposal, I do not think it would prove of particular interest to review in detail the doings of 1906. "Things won are done, enjoyment lieth in the doing," as Shakespeare has it, and those of us conversant with automobile affairs are aware in some measure of the present position of things in this country. We may, however, legitimately congratulate ourselves on the rapid strides which Great Britain has recently made in the race for supremacy, and upon the fact that the six-cylinder type of engine introduced by a British engineer has been copied by nearly one hundred of the most prominent makers at home and abroad. The famous "battle of the cylinders," about which we read so much in the motor Press a few months ago, has been fairly fought and won, and there are few automobilists of experience to-day who are not to be found in the ranks of the winning side. The introduction of detachable rims for racing cars is an innovation of 1906 which must be credited to our Continental friends, and undoubtedly in many International contests the saving of time was of the greatest benefit to competitors. For ordinary touring or town work, however, these rims have not yet come into general use, and if a census were taken, it would be found that a British product—the Spedding spare wheel — is in much greater request. Perhaps, the most marked improvement made during the past year has been in the construction of motor tyres. An examination of the records of such exacting tests as the four days' Scottish Reliability run and the Tourist Trophy race at home, and the Herkomer Trophy contest abroad, make it abundantly clear that the *bête noir* of motoring—tyre trouble—is rapidly undergoing a process of elimination. And for this